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MANIKKA-VAÇAGAR.

(Continued from the August number.)

In striving to form an estimate of the character of this remarkable man, we have no hesitation in placing him with the few great and noble souls who from different ages, and from widely different systems of belief, have become known to the world as seekers after God; and few have ever merited the title more than he. Whatever conclusions a careful study of his writings may lead us to in regard to his teaching on the great root-questions of religion,—God, man, sin, "the way of escape," and the destiny of human souls,—we can never deny him this honour, that he was, in all his mental and spiritual efforts, a devout seeker after God. In this sphere Mânikka-Vâçagar is always more than a dreamer of beautiful dreams, far more than a mere theorist in the region of theology. India has had many theorists in theology; its history and literature abound in the metaphysics of divine and human existence, learned dialectics, cold and lifeless. Mânikka-Vâçagar adds nothing to these. On the other hand, it is just where India has ever been poor, and is poor to this day, that the poet-saint of Vâthavûr shows his riches and his strength. He saw that God, "hard for reason to discern," "transcending thought and speech," "enters," "makes his abode," "reveals himself, in the heart of his loving saints." Hidden from the wise and prudent, He is revealed to babes. Not the high heavens but the human heart is the hiding place of the Eternal, and Mânikka-Vâçagar learned to seek Him there. The knowledge of God was for him not attainable in argument and understanding, but in vision and divine light, wherefore, crying out for the light which God alone could give, he strove to see. No man who merely argues about the Divine nature is entitled to be called a seeker

after God; to be worthy of that title a man must have made it the chief object of his life both to know God and to come into personal fellowship with Him. And this, one may confidently say, was the rule and habit of Mânikka-Vâçagar's life, through all its strange vicissitudes. The central thought in most of his poems is the gracious union of God with man, of the Infinite with the finite, and his testimony to this supreme truth is ever expressed in the language of personal knowledge and experience. To him all life was meaningless and vain that was not spent in the service of God, and in communion with Him. We catch in his hymns again and again an echo of the voice of the Psalmist when he cried, "This one thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may behold the fair beauty of the Lord by enquiring in His temple."

> "Nor friends, nor kin I seek, no city I desire; no name I crave;
> No learned ones I seek; and henceforth lessons to be conned suffice.
> Thou dancer, in Kuttâlam dwelling blissful, Thy resounding feet
> I'll seek, that as the cow yearns for its calf, my longing soul may melt."—(Pope, p. 303.)

In conceding to Mânikka-Vâçagar a place among those who from many faiths have been seekers after God, we do not of necessity admit that the knowledge of God to which he attained was either altogether true or sufficient. His doctrine of God is a fundamental part of the Saiva-Siddhânta teaching, and a critical examination of it lies beyond the scope of this paper. A note on the subject may not however be out of place. The form of Mânikka-Vâçagar's thought was influenced by the age in which he lived, and by the forms of belief that were prevalent around him. A correct knowledge of his teaching therefore on any subject can only be arrived at by a careful study of the words he uses, with reference to the usages of his time and of the system which he follows. This care is hardly ever sufficiently taken, and is certainly not taken in every part of Dr. Pope's monumental work. It is fatally easy in the process of translation to read into the author's words meanings and ideas which belong to an age and a system to which he was an entire stranger. Mânikka-Vâçagar was no philosopher, but his mind and thought had evidently taken colour from his youth up from the philosophies of his time. He lived and breathed in the atmosphere of philosophy, and, though his hymns are not consciously or intentionally philosophical, there is an unconscious vein of philosophical thought running through them all, an

assumption and an acceptance of the metaphysics of Hindu Pantheism. It would not be difficult to prove from the hymns that Siva-Perumân was to Mânikka-Vâçagar the impersonal, unqualified, transcendental, and abstract, Entity of the Vedánta. But philosophical Hinduism was only one of the influences that lay behind Mânikka-Vâçagar's thought. His mind was steeped in the later Puranic and legendary lore, which he seems to have accepted without question, just as he had accepted the Sûttrums and the Vedánta. And there was yet another and more potent influence at work in him, the activity of his own mind. He did not question, but he instinctively modified and moulded the material on which his mind worked. He spiritualised the legends by many a far-fetched and curious device; he drew the cold abstract source and substratum of all existence postulated by the Vedánta into the
...rness and warmth of personal existence and relationship,
whatever we may say of the theories that lay behind his
...g, and which his doctrine at times assumes, the object of
...a-Vâçagar's worship was indeed a Personal Being, full of
...l compassion, the Teacher, the Friend, and the familiar
...ion of His votaries.

...e should say then that Mânikka-Vâçagar's theory of God,
... as he theorises, is a wonderful mosaic, a cunning com...
...ation of diverse fragments of thought, brought together from
...idely different systems, and in the end, as in the beginning,
...ncoherent, incomplete and in part erroneous. His worship,
...owever, is almost invariably paid to a Personal Being, supreme
... greatness, pervading all things, infinite in tender compassion,
... worthy of all human homage. According to the old proverb,
...was his heart rather than his head that made Mânikka-Vâçagar
...true theologian.

Of his doctrine of sin almost exactly the same must be said
as a theory it is incoherent and very defective. The careful reader
...currence of the words that may be
... (வினை, தொல்வினை, பிழை, &c.,)
...d these forms represent a
...action, all action being
...certain kinds of action
...question arises;—in
...rtain classes of வினை
...his question would
...Mânikka-Vâçagar

is greater than his creed, and we have no hesitation in saying that the author of the Vâçagam had a conscience of evil in the moral sense, as that which was contrary to God, and as that which was in him the cause of the hiding of the Divine face.

> "Those warring elephants, the senses five, I feared,—was lost.
> *Thou hast forsaken me!* Thou hard to leave, hard to attain,
> Save by Thy worthy saints, bright Gem!
> Stirred by no strong desire, I did *my* will, nor clung to *thine!*
> *And lo! Thou'st forsaken me!*"—(POPE, p. 96.)

Yet even here, in the practical sphere, it must be confessed that Mânikka-Vâçagar's category of sins was far too limited, almost his only references being to gross sensual acts, to habits of self-deception, and to the absence of rapture and deep emotion.

It follows from the foregoing that judged from the Western and Christian standpoint Mânikka-Vâçagar's piety and his sense of ethics were narrow and defective. His piety was indeed in the power of vision that brought divine things near to hi was rich, too rich indeed, in fervour, an important el though not the chief, in all true piety. But Mânikka-V piety was sorely lacking in the element of rational he had vision, but vision is not the whole of faith; fect faith there must needs be also a reasoned assura the essential goodness and constancy of God, and in this poet's faith was wanting. He was never sure what Siva Perumân might order for him, and needed to be comforted and re-assured by constant visions and ecstacies. "The fickle sportive god" he could never altogether trust, and in spite of his beautiful assurances of the compassion of his Master we are m impressed by the constancy of the poet's devotion than with th of his Master's favour. His ethical sense, we have said, wa arrow; he seems to have considered the whole duty of man e summed up in individual and direct acts of devotion to the Deity,—a personal and private effort to obtain release.

> "Each to himself be his own kith and kin!
> Each to himself be his own law and way;
> For who are we, what ours? and what are bonds?
> Illusions all,—let these departing flee."

There is no recognition of those forms of divine service which we can best render to God in the person of His creatures. There is no hallowing of the ties of family life, or of secular and public duty. His life and piety answered altogether to the monastic type, and shared to the full the beauty and the defects of the type.

It was a part of that beauty and one of the chief parts, in Mânikka-Vâçagar, that whatever there was that was good or gracious in him he was never wearied of attributing to the grace and compassion of Siva-Perumân. Of all the true and noble beliefs that find expression in his hymns, it is this doctrine of Divine grace, his unwearied and wondering praise of the Divine Compassion, that brings him nearest to Christian teachers of all ages. It is similarly this doctrine, more than any other, that separates him from the old orthodox teachers of the stern unbending operation of *karma* in human life and fate. When he was held fast in the "bond of ancient deeds (தொல்வினை)," "fast bound in sin and nature's night," he tells us, the Divine pity and compassion intervened to save him, and it was all grace shown to one void of all merit.

"Devoid of love for Him in sooth was I,
  I know it, and He knows it too!
And yet He made me His, this too all men
  On earth shall surely see and know.
He there appeared, in all His grace revealed.
  He only is my being's king!
Come thou, and joyous join with me
  To breathe His praise, O humming bee, (my soul)."

(POPE, p. 148.)

"'Deceiver, sinner vile, rebellious one,'
  All this to me He did not say;
The generous one came oft to visit me,
  Nor took his presence from my mind!
Of all the pains that fill'd my soul, no one
  In any wise was left with me,
So to His gleaming jewelled foot go thou,
  And breathe His praise, O humming bee!"

(POPE, p. 151.)

What did such a man hope for in the world beyond the grave? He ought, according to the philosophy of human life in which he had been trained, to have looked forward to birth succeeding birth, until his finite spark rose to join the great flame from which it sprang, and he was lost in the great unconscious sea of bliss. In a succession of births he of course believed, but he believed also in the power of the grace of Siva-Perumân to break the "bond" and admit him to a state of bliss without delay. And the state of bliss which he desired and looked for was certainly a state of conscious existence. To him the future was to be the present perfected; it was, to be permitted to join the

holy company of his Master's loving saints; to enter and go no more out; to behold the face of God, and in his presence bow the adoring knee, and raise the song of praise for ever.

In this sense the doctrine of a Personal God and of a conscious and distinctively personal immortality of bliss is taught, or rather assumed and claimed, in Mânikka-Vâçagar's poems, along with much that hardly harmonises with either doctrine.

It remains, in conclusion to ask what the Saivites of the 20th century should do with such a saint speaking to them from the 8th or 10th century. Let them not, like the Jews who said "we have Abraham to our father," boast such a name as Mânikka-Vâçagar on the roll of their saints, while their lives are an open defiance of all that his life and words have taught them. There is nothing that India so much needs to-day as men of the spirit and power of Mânikka-Vâçagar, men who have made it the chief aim of their life to know God, in the holy intimacy of personal fellowship; men who will count all things but loss for the excellency of that knowledge; men of purged vision, who have learned to distinguish the false from the true in life, who will not hesitate to say to the young men around them that life without God is not worth living, and that unchastity is a mire of filth, that makes its victims, what Mânikka-Vâçagar openly calls himself, "viler than any cur." India needs to-day men of strong masculine soul, who will, like Mânikka-Vâçagar, sell all that they have for the truth, and gladly bear all reproach and shame, that so they may be true men and live true lives.

But let those who would claim Mânikka-Vâçagar as their Master make no mistake. His legacy to the world is not a system of philosophy or doctrine, but a spirit of true manhood. To become imitators of his spirit, and not slavish followers of his doctrine, must be the ambition of those who claim to be his spiritual descendants. To be worthy of him the young men of to-day must be greater than he; must see more clearly than he saw; and must live even more nobly than he lived, inasmuch as they are the heirs to a greater past, and stewards of a richer present than he. Let the followers of the Saiva-Siddhânta to-day only be to their age and in regard to the light that the foremost of them possess what Mânikka-Vâçagar was to his age and in reference to the far feebler light that shone on him, and it is hardly too much to say that they hold the future of India in their power.

Judged from a Christian standard Mânikka-Vâçagar was a

devout seeker after God, to whom God, the One Living and True God, revealed Himself, as ever, according to the seeker's capacity to receive. That capacity in Mânikka-Vâçagar was conditioned and limited by the imperfect systems of belief that lay around him, and in a large measure formed his thought. But obedience is more than knowledge, and Mânikka-Vâçagar was doubtless accepted of God for the sincerity with which he sought the truth, and for his loyalty to what he knew. It is not difficult to conjecture, in regard to Mânikka-Vâçagar's more privileged followers to-day, the direction in which such humble fearless loyalty to truth would carry them, or the goal to which it would lead them. All that is best in Mânikka-Vâçagar is so closely akin to the very heart of Christian truth that Dr. Pope is justified in suggesting that had a knowledge of Christianity been possible to the sage he would have found his home in the Christian faith.

W. Goudie.

THE LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

I.

We lay reclining on the sands,
The ocean at our feet;
We spake not first but with claspt hands
Bemoan'd our dream's defeat;
The tumult of the ocean
Was like our heart's commotion.

II.

At last she heaved a sudden sigh
Which shook her bosom deep,
And murmuring a wish to die
Wildly began to weep;
I laid aside her tresses
And sooth'd her with caresses.

III.

I told her that her wish unkind
Aggrieved me more than aught;
I told her how it pained my mind
To see her sorrow-fraught;
I cheered her with feigned lightness
And brought again her brightness.

IV.

The moon was hidden by a cloud,
The stars appeared more bright:

They mocked behind her back the proud
  And wanton queen of night;
But when she gained her splendour
  They humbly made surrender.

V.

My Love, again cast down with thought,
  Claspt me to her the more;
In earnest words with sadness fraught
  She courted as before
Our one eternal wedding
  In Death's sepulchral bedding:

VI.

"I would that Death might make" she cried,
  "Our present bliss e'er-lasting;
I would that none could us divide,
  Our tender passion blasting;
No parent's cruel ambition
  Frustrate our hopes' fruition.

VII.

"I'll ne'er regret that we have met
  And known such precious love;
My life hath ne'er received as yet
  Such gift from God above,
And like will bless me never
  Tho' I should live for ever."

VIII.

Her shining eyes were filled with tears
  And passion choked her speech;
I feigned some hopes to chase her fears
  And patience yet to teach;
All night we talked unthinking
  With hopes now high, now sinking.

IX.

Dawn brought with one soul-blending kiss,
  One long and breathless gazing,
With one deep draught of painful bliss—
  Of thoughtless, wild embracing,—
With farewell broken-hearted,
  We sev'rally departed.

A. MADHAVIAH.

"RALPH CONNOR."

Ralph Connor is the *nom de plume* of a Canadian writer who has recently risen to fame as the author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry," and a beautiful little prose idyll, "Behind the Marshes." "Black Rock" first appeared as a serial in a Canadian magazine; but when the author wished to bring it out in book form no American publisher was willing to take it; they were afraid there was too much in it of religion and temperance. So the book was published in England. It was not very long, however, before an American publisher "discovered" it; and now Ralph Connor has no difficulty in finding a publisher. "Black Rock," by this time, must have nearly, if not quite, completed the second hundred thousand copies. "The Sky Pilot" is selling equally rapidly. And "The Man from Glengarry," which was published last year, is not less interesting and attractive.

People evidently, then, are not so afraid of Ralph Connor's religion and temperance as the American publishers were at first inclined to think. And it does not seem difficult to understand why. It is true that a strong religious spirit pervades Ralph Connor's writings. But his books are not religious books in the ordinarily accepted sense of that term. They are most fascinating novels, with beautiful descriptions both of natural scenery and of the varied activities and feelings of human life. And religion as we come in contact with it in these books is an ingredient of living, working human life, not a mere matter of subtle discussions of views and forms of life.

There is nothing more interesting to men than life. Life, in the truest and fullest sense we are able to conceive of it, is the highest standard of valuation we possess, also, in matters of literary criticism. And in Ralph Connor's books we are face to face with this most interesting of all subjects. He writes of what himself has seen and felt and lived in the midst of. He knows the country and the people he describes. He was born in that Far West of Canada where his readers are taken in all his books. Yes, for it is no secret now who the person is that hides behind our author's *nom de plume*. His real name is Charles W. Gordon; he is a Presbyterian minister in Western Canada.

Of the environment of his childhood we get a vivid picture in "The Man from Glengarry." His home was in one of those distant settlements where the houses are so far from each other

and the people comparatively so few that nature comes to mean more as a companion and to count more, consciously or unconsciously, as an influence in life. Doubtless, in this and in other respects, Ralph Connor's mother had much to do with his attitude to his environment. There he got his eyes trained to see the beauty of the hills, whether in the morning when the mists rose, or in the evening when the setting sun strewed its rich colours over them. There he learned to understand the silence of the prairie, and all the noises of the great forests, both in their majestic solitude, and when the 'lumbermen' were busy cutting the timber and floating it down the rivers. And there was laid the foundation of his love for the canyons, those "jagged, gaping wounds" of the prairie, in which grow the sweetest flowers, and where are found the most attractive places of rest. It is healthy, refreshing and bracing, this air from the hills and the prairie, from the woods and the canyons, which one breathes in Ralph Connor's books.

And there is something of nature's fresh air about the men also whom you mostly meet in these books. In a sense you might say that they belong to the category of nature. The camps of the miners and the lumbermen (as the timber cutters are called) lie beyond the landmarks of civilisation. That is the very fact which has attracted some of the members of these strangely mixed groups of men. An Oxford graduate who had lost his chances in his old environment; men with blue blood and men with ordinary red blood who for various reasons would rather be away from home; and others again who hoped to find better chances here than they had ever had where they came from,—such is the composition of the communities to which most of the characters of Ralph Connor's books belong. There are in these camps no society forms, still less uniforms, behind which the man himself disappears. But there are also very few of those restraints which a social life necessarily imposes, and which the nature of most men seems to stand in need of for its best development. It is human nature, then, we meet here. We get an impression of what the material is in itself, apart from possible modifications due to processes of schooling and polishing.

In many cases, however, our impression would probably be much less bright and hopeful if we did not look with Ralph Connor's eyes. Then we would be likely—judging by what appears to be the common experience of men—to be repelled by the many rough corners of the outer life, without taking time to try

to find out what may be lying away in behind. This is one of the charms of Ralph Connor's books that he insists on getting into the centre of a man's nature before he will allow judgment to be pronounced on his case; and in that centre he has an unshakeable belief there is something which will respond to—because it is of the nature of—the true and the good. If only you can get at it, it *is* there, even where the exterior shows the most hopeless degradation. Love is the magic wand that discovers it and brings it to the surface; not that 'charity' which remains on its own higher level while it reaches a hand down to a fallen 'unfortunate'; but that 'love' which puts itself side by side with the 'brother' who needs help, and greets him with a word expressive not only of sympathy with him but of confidence in him.

Billy Breen (in "Black Rock") is one of the men in the Camp who have come so close to the fatal edge of the precipice of drink that there would seem to most eyes to be no room for hope any longer. But Mrs. Mavor had the same rare eye-sight that Ralph Connor possesses. Billy Breen, the narrator writes, "told me, in his quaint speech, how again and again she had taken him in and nursed him, and encouraged him, and sent him out with a new heart for his battle, until, for very shame's sake at his own miserable weakness, he had kept out of her way for many months, going steadily down."

"'Now, oi hain't got no grip; but when she says to me to-night, says she, "Oh, Billy"—she calls me Billy to myself' (this with a touch of pride)—"oh Billy," says she, "we must 'ave a total habstinence league to-night, and oi want you to 'elp!" and she keeps a-lookin' at me with those heyes o'hern till, if you believe me, sir,' lowering his voice to an emphatic whisper, 'though oi knowed oi couldn't 'elp none, afore oi knowed oi promised 'er oi would. It's 'er heyes. When them heyes says "do," hup you steps and "does"' ".

In the language of certain modern schools of speculation the influence here referred to would perhaps be described as a peculiar form of magnetism. Ralph Connor explains it, in the terms of a more empirical view of life, as simply due to that love which 'believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' And whatever may be the charm of the former mystic term, all who are interested in the matter with the interest of real life will soon agree that Ralph Connor's explanation is of infinitely greater practical value.

Ralph Connor is an optimist, but not of the kind who can so easily make bright pictures because they see only in dreams and paint only with imagination. He sees the obstacles and understands the struggles through which the bright goal must be reached. And experience has also shown him—what he evidently looks upon as the saddest thing in life,—that those deep-seated germs of brightness may be so neglected and stifled as to ultimately lose, as far as life can show at any rate, all vitality. This intensely sad note of the possibility of life's failure we hear more distinctly in "The Man from Glengarry" than in the other books. It seems plain that Ralph Connor believes that empty forms, superficiality, and self-contented pride are among the greatest dangers to life's real interests. Maimie and her brother and some of the other city society people whose acquaintance we make in "The Man from Glengarry" have some of the true man-material in their make up; Ralph Connor gives us many glimpses thereof. But they allow it to be trifled and frittered away in a life of conventionalisms with no higher key-note than that of enjoying life.

It is not civilisation and culture Ralph Connor blames for such a result. Except for their culture and education, Mrs. Murray in "The Man from Glengarry" and Mrs. Mavor in "Black Rock"—to mention only these two—would not have been able to accomplish what they did, or be of such help to others as they were. That the stories themselves make plain enough. No, Ralph Connor is not a disciple of the famous Frenchman whose watchword was 'to revert to nature.' He shows us the dangers and struggles man, or one who wishes to be a 'man,' has to face both in the lumber camp and in refined city Society. But he reckons that danger the greatest which most easily remains unnoticed; for he has an unshakeable conviction that if only the need is truly realised it is possible to get help.

This conviction is the great life-value of Ralph Connor's religion, and all his books are stamped by it. To him religion, as the whole of life, is a matter of realities, not of forms merely, whether it be forms of thought or forms of action. In fact, the forms of religion we meet among the men of those Camps are sometimes very queer; and to one who has no eye to see beyond the form it is not strange if they should seem bewildering.

Two members of the civilised world had been living for some time in the village of Black Rock with the young minister, and had seen the first beginnings of a Christian church that was

being formed there. In their past moral history and present attainment, in their knowledge of Christian things, not to speak of their views, the members of that little church certainly were very different.

" 'It is all a tangle—a hopeless tangle,' " said one of the two.

'Meaning?' I asked.

'This business of religion—what quaint varieties—Nelson's, Geordie's, Billy Breen's—if he has any—then Mrs. Mavor's—she is a saint, of course—and that fellow Craig's. What a trump he is!—and without his religion he'd be pretty much like the rest of us. It is too much for me.'

His mystery was not mine. The Black Rock varieties of religion were certainly startling; but there was undoubtedly the streak of reality through them all, and that discovery I felt to be a distinct gain."

We do not wonder that the discovery here mentioned made the problem of the 'quaint varieties' less perplexing. Nay, that discovery being made, the varieties must in a certain sense, be counted again. They prove that the force in operation is working the right way, beginning from within; that is the way the healing of any deep wound must proceed if it is to be thorough and lasting. And if there is the reality of religion in the midst of varying individual forms, it shows us a force which is tending both to make people *men* and to help a man to be himself.

Bronco Bill belonged—if such distinctions were to be applied—to the lowest class of the small community scattered through the Swan Creek district, where the Sky Pilot was endeavouring to do the work which this appellation suggested, the work of showing men the way to heaven. Few people would have thought of Bill as a diamond; whatever kind of stone he might be compared to, certainly nobody would have been led to think of a polished one. But from the time Bill began to put to the test of experience what he had heard from the Sky Pilot of the way to God, a great change became manifest. Not so much a change in respect of outward polish to begin with, but a change that revealed much more of the diamond in him than ordinary eyes could have discovered before.

The last few months Bill had been the Sky Pilot's most intimate and touchingly faithful friend. The Sky Pilot's health had been failing, and Bill nursed him like a mother. With great efforts a small church building had been erected in Swan Creek.

The building was finished and the day of the church opening had come. Then, in the last moment, when all were gathered, Bill received a note written in wavering lines, "Dear Bill. Go on with the opening. Sing the Psalm, you know the one, and say a prayer, and oh, come to me quick, Bill. Your Pilot." This was a hard message for Bill to receive, hard in more senses than one. But the opening service must be proceeded with as the Sky Pilot had written. The Psalm was sung. "After the Psalm was over the people sat and waited. Bill looked at the Hon. Fred Ashley, then at Robbie Muir, then said to me in a low voice :

'Kin you make a prayer ? '

I shook my head, ashamed as I did so of my cowardice.

Again Bill paused, then said :

'The Pilot says there's got to be a prayer. Kin any one make one ?

Again dead, solemn silence.

Then Hi, who was near the back, said, coming to his partner's help :

'What's the matter with you trying, yourself, Bill ? '

The red began to come up in Bill's white face.

'Taint in my line. But the Pilot says there's got to be a prayer, and I'm going to stay with the game.' Then, leaning on the pulpit, he said :

'Let's pray,' and began :

'God Almighty, I ain't no good at this, and perhaps you'll understand if I don't put things right.' Then a pause followed, during which I heard some of the women beginning to sob.

'What I want to say,' Bill went on, 'is, we're mighty glad about this church, which we know it's you and the Pilot that's worked it. And we are all glad to chip in.'

Then again he paused, and, looking up, I saw his hard, gray face working and two tears stealing down his cheeks. Then he started again ;

'But about the Pilot—I don't want to persoom—but if you don't mind, we'd like to have him stay—in fact don't see how we kin do without him—look at all the boys here : he's just getting his work in and is bringin' 'em right along, and, God Almighty, if you take him away it might be a good thing for himself, but for us—oh, God,' the voice quivered and was silent. 'Amen.'

Then some one, I think it must have been the Lady Charlotte, began : 'Our Father', and all joined that could join, to the

end. For a few moments Bill stood up, looking at them silently. Then, as if remembering his duty, he said:

'This here church is open. Excuse me.'

He stood at the door, gave a word of direction to Hi who had followed him out, and leaping on his bronco shook him out into a hard gallop.

The Swan Creek church was opened. The form of service may not have been correct, but, if great love counts for anything and appealing faith, then all that was necessary was done."

The fact of suffering and sorrow is as prominent in Ralph Connor's books as it is in actual life. It is one of the points where he must necessarily test the value of his religion, and he does so very frequently. It is not the theoretical part of the problem, the metaphysical explanation of evil and suffering, that interests him so much as the practical side thereof, how to deal with them, what remedy to find for them when we actually meet them. And Ralph Connor knows a remedy. It is not an arcanum, though it seems to be utterly unknown to many who are familiar with its name. It is found in the one simple, yet inexhaustible, truth of God's love. This not only makes suffering and sorrow endurable, but actually opens in the midst thereof a fountain of blessing.

Gwen is one of the chief characters in "The Sky Pilot." She is motherless, and has been admired and indulged by her father and all his friends until she has grown as self-willed as it is possible to imagine a girl of twelve or fourteen. One day when out riding she had an accident which made her lame for life. When she learned that this was her condition she was thrown into a soul struggle of vain but vehement rebellion against the idea of a superior will or power that had ordained this for her. It is a pitiful struggle to witness, but intelligible in the light of her previous character. The Sky Pilot tries to make her take the medicine which he knows will help her. But Gwen sternly refuses to believe that Divine love could have had anything to do with this hopeless, endless suffering of hers. Then the Pilot, drawing his inspiration from the Canyon near her home, the deep, picturesque gorge which had been Gwen's favourite resort, taught her, in the language of a parable, the value of the remedy for suffering, which he had been trying to persuade her to take. It is one of the most exquisitely beautiful pieces Ralph Connor has yet written:—

"'At first there was no canyons but only the broad, open prairie. One day the Master of the Prairie, walking out over his great lawns, where were only grasses, asked the Prairie, 'Where are your flowers?' and the Prairie said, 'Master, I have no seeds.' Then he spoke to the birds, and they carried seeds of every kind of flower and strewed them far and wide, and soon the Prairie bloomed with crocuses and roses and buffalo beans and the yellow crowfoot and the wild sun-flowers and the red lilies all the summer long. Then the Master came and was well pleased; but he missed the flowers he loved best of all, and he said to the Prairie: 'Where are the clematis and the columbine, the sweet violets and windflowers, and all the ferns and flowering shrubs?' And again he spoke to the birds, and again they carried all the seeds and strewed them far and wide. But, again, when the Master came, he could not find the flowers he loved best of all, and he said: 'Where are those, my sweetest flowers?', and the Prairie cried sorrowfully: 'Oh, Master, I cannot keep the flowers, for the winds sweep fiercely, and the sun beats upon my breast, and they wither up and fly away.' Then the Master spoke to the Lightning, and with one swift blow the Lightning cleft the Prairie to the heart. And the Prairie rocked and groaned in agony, and for many a day moaned bitterly over its black, jagged, gaping wound. But the Little Swan poured its waters through the cleft, and carried down deep black mould, and once more the birds carried seeds and strewed them in the canyon. And after a long time the rough rocks were decked out with soft mosses and trailing vines, and all the nooks were hung with clematis and columbine, and great elms lifted their huge tops high up into the sunlight, and down about their feet clustered the low cedars and balsams, and everywhere the violets and wind-flower and maiden-hair grew and bloomed, till the canyon became the Master's place for rest and peace and joy'.

The quaint tale was ended, and Gwen lay quiet for some minutes, then said gently:

'Yes. The canyon flowers are much the best. Tell me what it means.'

Then the Pilot read to her: 'The fruits—I'll read 'flowers' of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control, and some of these grow only in the canyon.'

'Which are the canyon flowers?' asked Gwen softly, and the Pilot answered:

'Gentleness, meekness, self-control; but though the others, love, joy, peace, bloom in the open, yet never with so rich a bloom and so sweet a perfume as in the canyon.'

For a long time Gwen lay quite still, and then said wistfully, while her lip trembled:

'There are no flowers in my canyon, but only rugged rocks.'

'Some day they will bloom, Gwen dear; He will find them, and we, too, shall see them.' "

The subsequent part of the story shows us the fulfilment of this prediction. To Gwen's old friends, and to some new ones also, her bedside became one of the brightest spots they could visit. Nowhere else could they be so sure of finding a never drying spring of comfort, cheerfulness and courage.

But comfort and courage in suffering is not the only good thing that flows from the healing spring Ralph Connor is acquainted with. Another great boon to be obtained from the same spring—great, both because its effects are so valuable, and because it is such a difficult thing to secure—is readiness to forgive, truly and fully forgive, those who have done us wrong.

Ranald and his uncle Macdonald Bhain, and Le Noir, a French Canadian, belong to two different gangs of the lumbermen who are described in " The Man from Glengarry." Le Noir who was a great man for fighting had caused the death of Ranald's father not so very long ago. According to the old unwritten law of the forest life this called for vengeance. And at the time of his father's death Ranald felt the full weight of the obligation thus laid upon him, and was determined to pay Le Noir back when he should have an opportunity. But before any such opportunity came, Ranald had come to the wonder-working spring, which his uncle Macdonald Bhain had long been acquainted with. Now Ranald, who had grown to be the strongest of those strong men of the forest, had met Le Noir and had rescued him out of an encounter which would otherwise have been likely to prove fatal to him. Late at night that same day Le Noir sought Ranald and his uncle in their cabin on the raft where they had their temporary home.

" 'I am Louis Le Noir,' he said, 'and I have some words to say to de young Macdonald. I am sore here', he said, striking his breast. 'I cannot spik your language. I cannot tell.' He

stopped short, and the tears came streaming down his face. 'I cannot tell,' he repeated, his breast heaving with mighty sobs. 'I would be glad to die—to mak' over—not make—I cannot say de word—what I do to your fadder. I would give my life,' he said, throwing out both his hands, 'I would give my life. I cannot say more.'

Ranald stood looking at him for a few moments in silence when he finished; then he said slowly and distinctly, 'My father told me to say that he forgave you everything, and that he prayed the mercy of God for you, and', added Ranald, more slowly, 'I-forgive-you-too'.

The Frenchman listened in wonder, greatly moved, but he could only reiterate his words: 'I cannot spik what I feel here.'"

Then Macdonald Bhain began to explain to Le Noir, both in his own words and in words drawn from Christ's teaching, how it was that Ranald's father and Ranald himself had become ready to extend to the murderer feelings and treatment so different from what was customary to Le Noir and most of the timber cutters. And Ranald added:

"'I promised the minister's wife I would do you good and not ill, when it came to me. But I was not feeling at all like forgiving you. I was afraid to meet you.'

'Afraid?' said Le Noir, wondering that any of that gang should confess to fear.

'Yes, afraid of what I would do. But now, to-night, it is gone,' said Ranald, simply; 'I can't tell you how.'

'Das mos' surprise,' exclaimed Le Noir. 'Ne comprenne pas. I never see lak dat, me.'

'Yes, it is wonderful,' said Macdonald Bhain. 'It is very wonderful. It is the grace of God', he said again."

After some further conversation in which Le Noir asked Ranald and his uncle if they would let him be their friend, and especially desired of Macdonald Bhain to be employed by him hereafter for timber cutting, that strange problem came up in Le Noir's mind again as he was speaking with Macdonald Bhain.

"Le Noir came nearer him and lowering his voice said: 'I'm ver' bad man me. I lak to know how you do dat—what you say—forgive. You show me how.'"

We can easily sympathise with Le Noir both in his surprise and his request. Certainly, it is not easy, when it comes to a very

close personal test, truly and fully to forgive. And when he had met a striking instance of this rare power it does not seem strange that he should have liked to know the secret of it.

Confining ourselves to the spirit of these books, or the view of life they reveal, there is yet another feature of Ralph Connor's beautiful and vivid religious life-pictures, which we will notice. It is one that occupies the place of a cornerstone in the entire plan of life, which we meet in these books, *viz.*, the conviction that to live and work for others is not a burdensome sacrifice but the only sure way to make life worth living.

Mrs. Mavor had lost her husband in the Black Rock settlement. A friend who is visiting the young minister, but who does not see things as the minister does, is wondering why Mrs. Mavor remains out there, away from everything that, in *his* eyes, gives colour to life. It is this friend who tells the story.

"'Why does she stay?' I asked.

'Mavor's people wanted her to go to them,' he [the minister] replied. 'They have money—she told me about it, but her heart is in the grave up there under the pines; and besides, she hopes to do something for the miners, and she will not leave them.'

I am afraid I snorted a little impatiently as I said, 'Nonsense! why, with her face, and manner, and voice she could be anything she liked in Edinburgh or in London.'

'And why Edinburgh or London?' he asked coolly.

'Why?' I repeated a little hotly. 'You think this is better?'

'Nazareth was good enough for the Lord of glory,' he answered, with a smile none too bright; but it drew my heart to him, and my heat was gone.

'How long will she stay?' I asked.

'Till her work is done,' he replied.

'And when will that be,' I asked impatiently.

'When God chooses,' he answered gravely; 'and don't you ever think but that it is worth while. One value of work is not that crowds stare at it. Read history, man.'

He rose abruptly and began to walk about. 'And don't miss the whole meaning of the Life that lies at the foundation of your religion. Yes,' he added to himself, 'the work is worth doing—worth even her doing.'"

This same fundamental idea of Ralph Connor's philosophy of life has found a most touching and pointed expression in a brief conversation between Gwen and Bill after The Sky Pilot's death.

Gwen had just had a last look at her dead friend's face, then she said to Bill with a sudden gasp:

"'Oh, Bill, I can't bear it alone. I'm afraid alone.'

She was thinking of the long, weary days of pain before her that she must face now without the Pilot's touch and smile and voice.

'Me, too,' said Bill, thinking of the days before him. He could have said nothing better. Gwen looked in his face a moment, then said:

'We'll help each other,' and Bill, swallowing hard, could only nod his head in reply."

"We'll help each other"—that is the watchword for life Ralph Connor has learnt from his religion. Help each other, as here Bill and Gwen. With no room for any idea or feeling of sacrifice, or charity, or heroism. To the one just as much as to the other, life now depends on their helping each other.

Yes, all this is very beautiful, some people say; but Ralph Connor's heroes are all angels.

If this criticism were true it would mean that those characters have no connection with our conditions of life, and they would therefore be of no real value to us. We might admire them as long as we could keep from thinking and feeling what life means to us. But beyond that, it would be to reckon with imaginary quantities. In school exercises it makes no difference whether the figures used represent real or imaginary quantities. But in actual life it spells failure and ruin if that distinction is overlooked. Is it true that Ralph Connor's heroes are angels, devoid of some of the essential characteristics of real human life?

It is certainly true that they are better than the majority of men we meet. You breathe a purer air in their presence. It is as if there went light out from them making you see things in clearer outline and truer perspective. And they are men who go about doing good. But they are not ethereal beings to whom it means no struggle and no effort to be good. And in the present connection this is the essential point. The above excellencies do not in themselves make a character unreal.

If the characters we meet in books are represented as perfect from the beginning, becoming nothing which they were not from the first, possessing a perfect natural goodness but no moral character, then they cease to belong to that human life on earth which we know and where our problems lie. Such books only

make us spectators at an exhibition of character, which may call forth the admiration of our imagination, but in the very nature of things cannot stir us to imitation.

But such are not Ralph Connor's books. His characters are not mere stationary exhibitions of goodness, but the results of those complex forces which we know influence and condition character-building in living men. We watch the development of character; we see what makes it and what mars it; we become acquainted with men who *are* only what they *become* through their own personal decision, struggle and growth, and from whom therefore we may learn something that can help us in our lives which are lived under the same conditions.

Ralph Connor's books are so captivating and so helpful because they lead us to understand life better, life as it is, and life as it can be. And the one key-note of all real life is *not being, but becoming.*

L. P. LARSEN.

A TRIBUTE.

TO A LADY MISSIONARY DOCTOR.

What lovelier home wouldst thou, O Lady, choose?
  Our hearts are grateful, though we don't reveal,
  To know how, for this hapless country's weal,
Thou hast left home and kindred, to infuse
Great thoughts and noble—not that they are new,
  But that the breath of noble hearts they need,
  Like thine, to stir them up again! Indeed,
E'en now they peep out, not too oft, to view
If they can safely shine forth once again!
  In such hearts, Lady, stands the golden throne
Where, seated high, thou like a star, dost cheer
  Our hearts, weighed down with sorrow and with pain!
And for the singleness of heart thus shown
  May Heaven shower on thee His blessings dear!

M. V. VENKATSUBBA IYER.

KAMBAN AND JAYANIKONDÁN.

CONSEQUENT on the appearance of an article on the age of Manikka Vásagar in the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly* for April 1902, I wrote a short paper in the *Christian College Magazine* on the age of the third Tamil Sangam, setting forth some of the difficulties in the way of accepting the conclusion of Mr. L. C. Innes, the learned writer of the article above referred to, who assigns 1100 A.D. as the possible date of the Sangam. Incidentally he mentions Kamban, the author of the Tamil Rámáyanam, as having lived contemporaneously or quite near the era of the Sangam; and says that he was later than the Vaishnava reformer Ramanuja.

Again in the paper written by me I have, without assigning my reasons in full, taken Jayanikondán as the contemporary of Kulottunga Chola I, under the impression that it was a matter which would admit of little doubt. But I have since been going through an excellent edition of the Kalingattuparani, by Pundit V. G. Suryanarayana Sastriar, B.A., of the Madras Christian College, where in a learned introduction on the model of recent English classics, that accomplished scholar gives his opinion that Jayanikondán was later than Kamban based on literary grounds and allocates the former to the reign of Kulottunga II., the grandson of the first of his name.

In this paper I propose to shew that Jayanikondán was unquestionably a contemporary of the first Kulottunga, 1070-1118, and that Kamban must have flourished somewhat earlier and therefore clearly not later than Ramanuja. The Kalingattuparani celebrates the conquest (rather the reconquest) of Kalingam, on the east coast between the Mahanadi and the Godaveri, by Karunakara Toṅdaiman of Vandai (Vandalur) for his king, Kulottungan, Vijayadara, Jayattunga Abaya, Karikála, &c., who was holding court at the time at Kanchi. In accordance with the strict rules of grammar it is divided into a number of cantos each of which has necessarily to deal with a particular part of the subject. In the canto dealing with the birth of the hero, we find the following parentage assigned to him. Verse 3 of canto 10 says that he was born "of the wife of the ruler of the Chandravamsa, who was the daughter of Rajaraja of the Suryavamsa." Verse 5 of the same canto has it that the wife of Gangaikonda Chola took up her daughter's son. Verse 6 states that the grandmother thought that her grandchild would become the heir to the Suryavamsa as well and advance it. All through the book, there are refer-

ences to his having been an ornament to the two dynasties. In canto 8, verses 29 and 30, we find that Kulottunga the hero succeeds the Chola who defeated the Kuntalus at Kudal Sangamam, as in fact the author refers to every predecessor of Kulottunga by an allusion, rarely by name or title, because he wrote at a time when every one could understand the allusion easily enough (see verses 20—30). Verse 23 of canto 10 refers to his conquest of Chakragotta and his expedition to the north, when according to verse 26, the "King of Kings" went to heaven and there was (verses following) anarchy in the Chola kingdom. From these references it is clear that Kulottunga was born of a Chola princess married to a prince of the Chandravamsa or lunar line, that he was ruling his paternal dominions before he assumed the government of the Chola territories to redeem it from the anarchy to which it had been reduced on the death of a "Mannarmannavan" and that he was the successor of the Chola who defeated the Kuntalus at Kudal Sangamam. The Chandravamsa in which he was born was the Eastern Chalukya family ruling from Rajamahandry. From the Chellur plates of Virachodu, the third of the sons of Kulottunga I., we know that the two families had intermarried through a number of generations. Kundaroni, the daughter of Rajaraja I., had married the Eastern Chalukya Vimaladitya, whose son[1] Rajaraja I. or Vishnuvardhana VII. married Ammangadevi, the daughter of Rajendra Chola. The offspring of this marriage was Rajendra Chola *alias* Kulottunga I., who again married Madhurantaki, daughter of Rajendradeva or Rajendra Choladeva. Although the Kalingattuparani mentions the maternal grandfather as Rajaraja, this ought to be regarded more as a general designation than as the name; because the title of Gangaikondan was borne by Rajendra Chola and not by his father Rajaraja I.

The next point to be settled is the identity of the ruler who was victor at Kudal Sangamam. The Kuntalus were the Western Chalukyas of Kalyani, who were often at war with the Cholas on the Tungabhadra frontier. Kudal Sangamam[2] has been located by Mr. Kanakasabhai Pillai at the confluence of the Tungabhadra with the Krishna. The victory at Kudal Sangamam is ascribed by the inscriptions (as yet published) to Virarajendra, who, it is

[1] South Indian Inscriptions, Vol. I, pp. 49 *et seq.* No. 39.

[2] See Inscriptions of Virarajendra, Vol. III., Pt i. South Inscriptions.

probable, was a usurper of the Chola throne, and who was succeeded, for a brief period, by his son Adhirajaraja, the "Mannar mannavan" of verse 28 of canto 10 of the Kalingattuparar Virarajendra was the father-in-law of the Western Chalukya Vik maditya VI., who in turn placed his brother-in-law Adhiraja on the Chola throne on the death of Virarajendra as is recc in Bibhana's Vikramankadeva Charitam.

From the inscriptions of Kulottunga again it is clear that he ascended the Eastern Chalukya throne in 1063 A.D. and did not assume dominion over the Chola territories till 1070 A.D. It is to this ruler that the inscriptions ascribe, as does the Kalingattuparani, the reconquest of Kalingam. The previous expedition to the north and conquest of Chakragottam (belonging to the dominions of Dhára) are also mentioned in his inscriptions as his special achievements. Thus then it is beyond doubt that the hero of the Kalingattuparani is no other than Kulottunga I. (1063, 70—1118 A.D.). Jayanikondán, the author of the same work must have been a contemporary, as else the poem would have been of no value and could not serve the purpose for which it was intended. It may be noted, in passing, that Kulottunga's was a long and comparatively peaceful reign, and, as such a fitting period for the development of art and letters. It is not surprising, therefore, that all traditions concerning authors group them all round the court of Kulottunga.

Jayanikondán being thus allotted to the reign of Kulottunga I., we shall next turn to Kamban. Pundit Suryanarayana Sastriar places him, from a consideration of their style of writing, prio to Jayanikondán. Apart from their style, which at best pears to me very doubtful evidence of time, especially whe a hors are not separated by a great length of time or diff o ibject, there are other circumstances which would r re rding Kamban as somewhat, though not very much K ban, the author of the Rámáyanam and the Sadagopa dc not give us any hint as to the time he lived in, by re the kings or other patrons of his, with the solitary excep private gentleman Sadaiyappa Mudaliar; whose name a number of verses of the Rámáyanam. Whatever else of him is from mere tradition. One of the cardinal f history (if we can dignify by the name history the li of him) of Kamban is his gaining the approval of the temple authorities for his Rámáyanam. In this con

Vaishnava Guru Nádhamuni is said to have played the part of president. The same tradition connects the name of Kulottunga Chola with that of Kamban; while Kamban and Otta Kúthan are regarded not only, as contemporaries but also as having been asked to write the Rámáyana, each by himself. In the Rámáyana, as we have it, the seventh book is ascribed to the latter. This latter and Pugalendi were rivals for court favour, as also several other poets. This would shew that these were all contemporaries and that Kulottunga was a patron of letters.[1] Beyond this we have no reason to connect Kamban specially with Kulottunga, as the poet does not once mention his name in either of his works. Perhaps he was not at court at all, as in fact he is supposed to have quarrelled with Kulottunga and left the court in search of patronage.

Be this as it may, we are denied any knowledge of Kamban's personality from his works. If his contemporaneity with Nádhamuni could be taken as fact, we could form an idea of the time when he lived. Nádhamuni's grandson was Alavandar, whose grand-daughter by one of his sons was Ramanuja's mother according to the Vaishnava Guruparamparai, which gives Ramanuja's date pretty correctly as between 939 and 1059 Saka. Alavandar was an old man full of age and honours, when Ramanuja was quite a young man, however promising. But when the former at his death threw the mantle of office (as the recognised leader of the Vaishnavas) on the latter, he was already a Sannyási, having lived the life of a householder for a time. Ramanuja must then have been at least 25, perhaps 30, as else we could not believe that the others would have quietly accepted his nomination to the eminent position he was raised to. Allowing for three generations at 20 years each and adding this age of Ramanuja to the total, we can take it that Alavandar was 85 when he died and must have been born about the end of the 3rd quarter of the 9th Century Saka (say 870 Saka). Nádhamuni was the grand-father of this Alavandar and died while the latter was yet a child. A calculation similar to the above for Alavandar would show that we cannot be far wrong if we place Nádhamuni between say 790 and 870 Saka. These dates need not be taken too literally, as we have not materials for certain conclusions, but only as probable approximations, depending upon conditions, which we are not warranted in taking as beyond doubt. This calculation brings us quite close to the traditional Saka 807 for Kamban.

[1] Preface to Kalingattuparani, pp. 25-28.

But there is one serious difficulty in the way of accepting this as probable and that is the mention of Kulottunga in connection with Kamban and of the latter's contemporaneity with Otta Kúttan.

As was pointed out above, Kulottunga might have been a patron of letters. Hence every poet of note has been placed in his court. If Kulottunga had really been a patron of Kamban and if Kamban's Rámáyanam had been written at his instance, it is very strange that in the whole of his work there is not the slightest mention of his name, while that of Sadayappa Mudaliar occurs a number of times. It is just possible that the Rámáyanam, as written by Kamban, stopped short at the end of the sixth book or that the seventh was lost, and that it fell to the lot of Otta Kúttan to fill up the void thus left. This mention of Kamban with Kulottunga will not appear very strange, if it is borne in mind, that one of the galaxy of poets who shed a lustre on Kulottunga's court was Avvai, the sister of Tiruvalluvar. This would be impossible unless there had been two poetesses of that name.

So then, Kamban must have lived somewhere during the 9th Century Saka or between 870 and 950 A.D. This period would satisfactorily account from the absence of reference to any Chola king, as during this period the Chola power was just beginning to come out into prominence under Parantaka I. Whether this conclusion as to the period of Kamban be acceptable or not, he was not later than Ramanuja, as inferred by Mr. Innes from a supposed reference to the latter by Kamban in his Sadagopar Antadi. I failed to trace anything of Ramanuja in the above work, and the Pundit of the Central College Mr. T. G. Narainasawmy Pillai assures me after going through the work, my sake, that there is no such reference. Mr. Innes only s the authority of Dr. Caldwell from his History of Tinnevelly; may be of a piece with the inference that the Vaishnava re all disciples of Ramanuja.

already pointed out the difficulties in the way of A.D., as the date of the Third Tamil Sangam and ban could not have been its contemporary. It here that the Sangam, according to all tradition e only evidence we have of its existence), t least 20 historical generations. We must search to throw light upon the history of an draw definite conclusion about the

existence of the Sangam. In this paper I have given reasons enough to regard Jayanikondán as having flourished in the reign of Kulottunga I., and have indicated, from the traditions current as to Kamban, that we might look for him somewhere about the commencement of the tenth century A.D., without, in the least, presuming my conclusion to be final about Kamban.

S. KRISHNASWAMY AIYANGAR.

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*TRANSLATIONS FROM MÚTHURAI OF AUVAIYAR.**

1.

The fair and fadeless cocoa-tree
  Receiving sap from root,
Gives milk to any, fresh and free
  In clusters of sweet fruit;
So, when we help a fellow-man
  One thought should not arise
Of compensation, other than
  Shall meet us from the skies.

2.

The noble-minded treasure e'er
  All kindness they receive,
As words engraved on granite ne'er
  The rocky surface leave;
But selfish souls forget a boon
  Without remaining trace,
The memory dies away as soon
  As words on ocean's face.

3.

The boiling milk, though lessening, will
  Its sweetness all retain,
The ashes of the conch-shell still
  In whiteness will remain;
To loveless churls if love we grant
  No warmth we thus impart,
But noble natures, though in want,
  Remain undimmed in heart.

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* Nos. 1—16 in Book 2 of Tamil Minor Poets (C. L. S. edition). In this edition Nos. 3 and 7 of the original poems are omitted.

4.

Every tall and branching tree
  Only can in season bear;
Constant though our efforts be
  For success's hard-won share,
We shall be of fruit denied
  If we watch not time and tide.

5.

As a load, however great,
  Stony pillars cannot bend,
Yet may by its mighty weight
  Even them in ruin rend;
So the sight of whelming foes
  Gathered in the battle-field
Will not daunt the hearts of those
  Who can die but cannot yield.

6.

To see a face with goodness shine
  Confers a benefit divine;
Such blessings visit those who hear
  Good words from one with conscience clear;
And all a benison receive
  Who praise to holy virtues give
With kind and noble friends to dwell.
  Is the best life this earth can tell.

7.

To look on those who evil live
  A curse doth to the spirit give,
They also gather bane on bane
  Who listen to the false and vain,
And much we need to pray for those
  Who live among our Father's foes.

8.

As a thousand kindly streams,
  Bearing blessings beyond price,
Winding, in the sunny beams,
  Through the grateful fields of rice,
Scatter largess as they pass
  To their fringing banks of grass;

So whenever Heaven shall send
  Bliss by good men, far and wide,
Blessings also will descend
  On the humble by their side.

9.

The husks on precious seeds of rice
  Are burned or cast away,
Yet give us help of such a price
  That worlds cannot repay,
For though made ripe by sun and rain
  No plant is born from huskless grain;
Thus able men though ripe in fame,
  And though their plans are fully laid,
And worthy of their noble name,
  Cannot dispense with lowly aid.

10.

The broad-leaved aloe blooms in pride
  Yet tiny tulsi breathes more scent,
And though the ocean's boundless tide
  Surpasses every continent,
It cannot cleanse our pilgrim feet;
  While on its shore a fountain sweet
Can slake the thirst of noontide heat.
  Judge not by stature men at all,
Small may be great and great be small.

11.

Though in mighty forest grown
  Every tree to noble name
Through its trunk and boughs alone
  Cannot lay a lawful claim,
He who in a learned crowd
  Knowing not the lettered page
Cannot read a word aloud
  Gains great glory from the sage!

12.

Fairer in glorious hues and grace
  Than thousand-jewelled throne,
Worshipped by many an ancient race,
  The peacock reigns alone;

Who from its radiant play would glance
  Upon a turkey's mimic dance?
Yet such appear half-learned fools
  Who ape the poet in his schools!

13.

He who eased a tiger's pain
  And became himself its prey,
Learned the lesson very plain
  Of a churl's ungrateful way;
To such wretches kindness shewn
  Is like vessels dashed on stone.

14.

Judge not those who self-restrain
  As timid or unwise,
They are like the cautious crane
  That watches for a prize
Setting small fish pass the sluice
  As unworthy of its use.

15.

In fierce drought the kindly tank
  Sees the birds it cherished long
Vanish from its withered bank,
  Cheered no more by praise in song;
Flatterers such to those in power,
  Faithless in the needful hour;
But let us for pattern take
  Lilies that ne'er leave their lake.

16.

Who can use when broken up
  A bowl of potter's earth?
But atoms of a golden cup
  Are everyone of worth.
The truly great retain true power
  In deepest misery hurled,
Ignoble men in ruin's hour
  Are useless to the world.

E. KEYWORTH.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Doubtless the event of the mouth in the eyes of the world in general has been the coronation of the King. One gathers however that it has not stirred India much, partly it may be because the Delhi Durbar robs it of some of its importance for India. What exactly is the purpose of the Durbar few comparatively seem to know, but it is generally regarded as the ceremony that is for India what the Coronation is for England. Relief is however everywhere felt that the King came safely through the fatiguing function.

The holding of the Durbar does not escape criticism. The rains which have fallen during the last few days, saving as it is believed the West and North-West of the country from an imminent renewal of famine, have removed the chief objection raised by the critics. Even though the Durbar has in itself no significance, being only an echo of the Coronation, and a recognition of a Sovereign who will have already ruled for two years, it must be recognised that it accords with Indian traditions and falls in with the ideas of the Indian princes and the vast majority of the Indian people. The many incidental political and social advantages of such a gathering cannot be overlooked.

But the lavish expenditure involved in the plans accords ill with the poverty of India and the part in which the world has been accustomed of recent years to see her. When all is said about the ways in which the outlay will return to the Imperial Exchequer and the economical spirit in which the Durbar is undertaken, the fact remains that it will cost a sum which though it may seem insignificant to the Viceroy will seem excessive to others. It is not an unmixed blessing that the arrangement of the Durbars of 1877 and 1902 should have fallen to the two Viceroys who have attached most value to the grandiose. To us it seems for example that scores of people are being entertained at the public expense whose presence is unnecessary and who might have been left to pay for themselves if they wished to attend. The policy of *panem et circenses* no doubt allures a man of the Viceroy's type, and in this case it has the piquancy of providing bread and tamashas at public expense not for the proletariate but for the wealthy and the aristocratic. We notice too that the old economic heresy that expenditure on unproductive labour is good for a country is being used in defence of the lavish scale on which the Durbar is planned.

The treatment accorded to the Indian representatives in England has been somewhat jealously watched. On the whole it has borne the scrutiny satisfactorily. The extraordinary *gaucherie* of charging the entertainment of the Indian guests upon India while that of the Colonial guests

was borne by the United Kingdom was not unreasonably resented here, but was remedied before it was too late. The letter of the Indian representatives to the Lord Mayor has been accepted as a worthy expression of the feeling of India as a whole. The attentions that have been shown to its representatives have gratified the Indian people, though it has come as a rather painful surprise to find that his visit to England has spelt financial embarrassment to one of the most prominent of them, the Maharajah of Idar. Not very fairly perhaps the blame of his misfortunes is cast upon the Government for inviting him, rather than upon himself for accepting the invitation.

How will these men who have represented India so splendidly in the West be received in India on their return? We presume the precautions taken at such extravagant expense to preserve the Maharajah of Jaipur from defilement will be regarded as having attained their end. Whether they actually did so is another question, but probably that will not be raised. But it certainly would be is deplorable if, as we understand is likely to be the case, that the Tagore family should insist on the son of its house—who has been the chief representative of the Indian people as distinguished from the princes—undergoing prayaschittam. The pity of it—that one who has most worthily stood as India's representative in the world's centre should be so repudiated on his return to his home, and that a family with the history of the Tagores should submit not only to his humiliation but to carrying it out. How long will educated men endure the rule of such degrading superstition?

And here we must express our regret that in South India too the cause of liberty and enlightenment has been injured by the concession made to ignorant orthodoxy by Mr. Narayana Iyer, I.C.S., in his 'purification' at Rameswaram. He had stood out so long that we hoped the victory had been gained and that his name would be handed down as one of the early band who had gained deliverance for his countrymen from this degrading custom.

What perhaps has been of greatest interest to India during the month has been the discussion of the Universities Commission's Report. Unfortunately the Report is not even yet procurable by the public in South India. The newspapers have discussed it and preliminary conversation has taken place upon it in a few Associations, but the great mass of those interested are reserving their judgment till they have the Report itself before them. When it becomes available, many bodies will doubtless formulate their views upon it and send them to the Viceroy for his consideration. As intimated in our issue of last month, this magazine will deal with the points on which

opinion seems to divide, but this month under present conditions perhaps nothing is to be gained by a more detailed treatment of the matter.

We have been asked to mention two movements for which support is requested, both having their origin in Calcutta. A short time ago a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was started, and its first report lies before us. It has already done good work in preventing the sale of girls for immoral purposes, in rescuing girls from evil surroundings, in preventing, or securing the punishment of, cruelty to or neglect of children, and in helping children who are in trouble. The Secretary is the Rev. A. E. Summers, Dharamtala, Calcutta.

The Calcutta Missionary Conference has initiated a movement for doing honour to Mr. Kali Charan Banerjee. Mr. Banerjee touches the life of India on so many sides and so effectively that this movement ought to be well and widely supported. What distinguishes him above all perhaps is the firmness with which he holds—or rather is held by—the truth that the cause of progress and liberty is indivisible, that it is useless to think of political progress, for example, without social, intellectual and religious progress too. Subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. H. Anderson, the Secretary of the Conference. The form which the Testimonial will take will be fixed when the list of subscribers is complete by a Committee representative of those who have subscribed.

Lord Curzon has been well-advised in constituting the new Board of Scientific Advice. The necessity of applying the results of scientific research to the development of a country has long been a commonplace, but in India it has not till quite recently been recognised to any large extent in practice. In the Minute appointing the new Board Lord Curzon points out how Government during the last few years has created post after post—of Geologist, Botanist, Chemist—to remedy this defect and announces that other posts—of an Entomologist and another Chemist—are to be created immediately. Even the most ardent advocate of Laissez Faire will not object to this line of action. Such State aid of industries as is involved in the suggestions and warnings of State-paid experts is universally recognised as not only legitimate but due. Lord Curzon's co-ordination of this expert advice is noteworthy. In appointing State-paid scientists he is following Germany, America and indeed England. In arranging for their consultation and uniting in sending representations to Government he is, so far as we know, making a precedent, the wisdom of which will not be questioned.

One of the most interesting events in South India during last month was the publication of the 1901 Census Report. Mr. Francis and his helpers, among whom we are glad to find Mr. S. Dandapani an old student of the Christian College singled out for special mention, can scarcely be over-praised for the skill with which they have collected, marshalled and recorded the Census figures and facts. The Report lays a good foundation for the investigation of South Indian sociology. There are many points touched on in it upon which we believe some of our readers might throw additional light. The pages of this Magazine are open to the discussion of these.

In our last issue we called attention to the beginnings of a new policy with regard to Primary Education in this Presidency. The lower officers of the Department we found were applying to the managers of some of the best Primary Schools with a view to their being taken over by the State. The further information that has come to hand confirms the belief that the Department has entered upon this wasteful, useless and irritating policy. The financial aid it has received from the Government of India after years of poverty has suddenly given it more money than it knows what to do with, and, without thought of the future, after the manner of a *nouveau riche* it is throwing it away. Even apart from the question of policy the action of the education officers concerned is sometimes open to censure. At least one case might be quoted in which the Sub-Assistant Inspector having in vain asked a Manager to hand his school over to the Department did his best to ruin it. Such things were bound to happen when the Director committed the carrying out of a revolution in educational policy to his lowest subordinates. This is pre-eminently one of the cases in which Government should insist on the Director holding one of those Conferences with representative Managers which the Government of India in its Minute on the Report of the Education Commission of 1883 directed the Provincial Governments to hold frequently.

LITERARY NOTICES AND NOTES.

Outlines of Metaphysics. By J. S. Mackenzie, Litt. D., Professor of Logic and Philosophy in the University College of South Wales. London: Macmillan and Co., Limited. 1902. Price 4*s*. 6*d*.

Professor Mackenzie's book has the recommendations of interest, freshness, and conciseness. A reader of this work cannot complain that metaphysics is devoid of attraction. Those who have read other metaphysical introductions will welcome the novelty of Dr. Mackenzie's

treatment. And that the author should have been able to state so clearly so many of the problems which philosophy deals with, and to hint at a line of solution, all within a space of 160 pages, is matter for congratulation. The author does not take up such metaphysical conceptions as Time, Causation, Freedom, and treat them as separate topics. His method is genetic, that is to say he traces the growth of conscious experience, and at each stage of its development seeks to find out the significance of its various factors. In this way he is able to show the intimate connections of the different constituents of consciousness, and the danger to metaphysics which arises from treating them in isolation.

An outline of the book will best indicate the method of treatment. Book I. is introductory. It deals with the province of metaphysics, distinguishing it, as the science which takes a comprehensive view of experience, from the special sciences which deal with one part of experience, and do not wholly analyse even that. Experience reveals at once a unity and duality. Various attempts have been made to make this apparent contradiction intelligible. Materialism, Agnosticism, Idealism and other theories have been propounded with more or less success. Instead of accepting one of these explanations it will be best to watch experience growing, and to discover what is significant in this process. This leads to Book II. which deals with the Genesis of Experience. Perhaps a better title would be the Growth of Experience, for the book is occupied with tracing experience as it passes from the level of sensation to that of perception, and from that again to the level of thought. At each stage certain significant factors emerge, for example, kind and quality on the sensational level, substance and ends on the perceptual, universals at the conceptual. At this stage we come into conscious contact with the categories, ways in which we determine our thought and give it unity. But while the categories are modes of unity, they can unify only to a limited extent. Thus they suggest ideals to our mind, ideas of thought, feeling, and action. In this way we are led to make ideal constructions of ever widening sweep. Such constructions are made by (1) perception, (2) science, (3) ethics, (4) aesthetics, (5) religion, (6) speculation. Book III. takes up the criticism of these different constructions, shows the validity and limitations of each, and concludes that an organic conception of the universe of experience is the most satisfactory. An organic construction holds that the world is a real unity of elements which have a certain relative independence. These different constructions have each a place and truth of their own, and combined in a whole give intelligibility to the universe as a whole, though considered apart they are apt to prove so unsatisfactory as to lead to scepticism, a position which an organic view shows to be wholly groundless.

This account will suffice to indicate the method adopted, and, in some degree, the positions arrived at. All that remains to be done, in this notice, is to ask how far Dr. Mackenzie has realised the end he had in view in writing this book. His object is to give to one who is seriously facing 'the great issues that are included under the term metaphysics' a clue to the bewildering array of apparently disconnected problems with which metaphysics deals. The clue he gives is the one of order. This involves a great many psychological statements; indeed a genetic method is really a psychological one, and Book II is largely psychological. Now there are points, in this connection, which could certainly stand a fuller treatment. What is said about the theory of psycho-physical parallelism (p. 26) is apt to be misleading. Then in enumerating the levels of consciousness, much does not seem to be gained by beginning with sensation. Sensation is a limiting ideal, and can only with difficulty be treated as a level of conscious experience. This difficulty is not likely to be diminished by such a sentence as the following, 'The concept, in the proper sense of the term, seems to be more concrete than the percept, just as the latter is more concrete than the simple sensation' (p. 78). We should like also to have more full and satisfactory analyses of identity (p. 76), activity (p. 121), and feeling (p. 131). These are special points, and the size of the book precludes anything but concise statements. Yet they suggest another way of treating the subject, while still retaining the genetic method. Might not the development of experience be traced through its perceptual, ideational, and conceptual stages, and might not the presuppositions underlying this development be clearly set forth at each stage? Having thus a fairly connected account of the categories we should be able to see how far they carry us in giving system and intelligibility to our experience. A scheme of this kind would require reference to the category of Personality (on which Dr. Mackenzie does not touch), and a more explicit statement as to the position of faith in a philosophical system. It would have the advantage of concreteness, and would save us from the traps into which the terms 'significance' and 'constructions' are apt to lead us.

The merits of Professor Mackenzie's work are conspicuous. One great excellence lies in the stress which it places on the necessity and validity (within certain limits) of the different mental constructions; another in its emphatic assertion of the organic unity of experience. Its greatest excellence lies in this that it does not stereotype thought, it stimulates it. When we have closed the *Outlines* we have not done with our thinking: we are but ready to fight the battles o'er again.

Vicissitudes of Fort St. George. By David Leighton. A. and J. Combridge & Co., Madras and Bombay.

It would be well if this book were read by every educated resident in Madras, and especially by every young Englishman that comes out to this city. There is no reason why there should not grow up in the minds of those who live in Madras an interest in their town of the kind that townsmen of the West feel in their homes. If Madras cannot claim all the romantic history of a Florence or an Edinburgh, it has more history and romance in its past than many an American or European town that is proud of its local 'antiquities.' Mr. Leighton has done a real service to his fellow-townsmen in bringing before them the Madras of the olden time. Except in old Reports and in Talboys Wheeler's volumes we do not know where much of the information he gives could be found in print, and here it is given in compassable space and in a cheap form accessible to all. In our next issue we propose to deal more at length with a matter suggested by his book—the growth of the city; at present suffice it to say that on this and many other subjects Mr. Leighton gives details which will make the history of Madras a more real thing to all who read his book. He is not afraid to express his views on the facts he relates; and the indignation with which he regards the corruption and extortion of Benyon and others four generations ago is obviously genuine and characteristic. Five plans or pictures of Madras illustrate the text. The history is brought down to Lord Mornington's appointment as Governor-General in 1798. We hope Mr. Leighton will continue it to the present day. The proofs might with advantage have been corrected more carefully.

Samarasa Jnana Chandrika. By V. Mutukumaraswamy Mudaliar, B.A. The Madras Advaita Asrama Series. Re. 1.

This brochure in Tamil of 66 pp. is written with the avowed object of showing identity between the great existing religions of the world, Hinduism, Buddhism, Muhammadanism and Christianity. Making concessions for the technicalities, the language is on the whole elegant and clear. Excluding the extraneous matter crammed into the book and putting the finger on the central point, we must confess to a sad disappointment. We expected a clear analysis of the cardinal truths of each religion and then a demonstration of their identity. But this the author fails to give us.

He starts with the assumption that matter and mind are essentially one. Their distinction is only fictitious and not real. God is the double-faced unity. Human consciousness stands on this side of a screen, called *Maya,* where time, space and causation are at work. On the other side is God. Man on this side and God on the other are essentially one. But the ugly screen *Maya* (illusion) deceives our consciousness into seeing a duality. In the whole universe there is no existence but that of God, the One Being who pervades all and who is all.

This One Being is reflected on the screen, which, by its inherent vice of illusion, exhibits Him as the millions of beings grouped in the great kingdoms of Nature. When man realises his true position and calls upon God to help him to salvation from the illusion, God on the other side of the screen hears him, removes the screen for him and absorbs him into his own Being.

Mind plays into the hands of Maya and must be got rid of, if one is to realise his oneness with God. When once mind is eliminated, there will be a residual phenomenon, which is our true self. This residue is divine in its nature, and like the Divine Being of whom it is but a part, it is impersonal, attributeless and nameless. All that can be predicated of it is only existence and consciousness of pleasure. In ordinary, conventional language it is called *Sivam.* When one has worked his way into it, he will be for ever in a state of perfect quiescence named *Satchitananda* which means "an eternal pleasure-conscious existence."

Christianity according to the writer teaches *Satchitananda.* It is the highest attainment to which a Christian aspires. Does not one of its prominent propagators recommend "the PEACE of God that passeth all understanding"? This peace that passeth all understanding means only *Satchitananda,* "the quiescent joy reached through annihilation of the mind." Buddhism, he avers, takes the same position. *Nirvana* is its *summum bonum.* What is Nirvana but the nude ultimate true nature of man, divested of the feeling, thinking and willing mind? Having made easy work of both Christianity and Buddhism, the author takes a somewhat circuitous course to make Muhammadanism enter through the door of the Adwaita. The Adwaita-doctrine is symbolised in the three letters A.—U.—M., which respectively signify creation, preservation and destruction. But when taken in combination, they represent a residue after a destruction. "Sound is produced in A, sustained in U, and killed in M." "When one listens to ravishing song, his mind is enraptured. When the song ceases, the rapture does not cease with it. It is the residue after it has killed the mind." Hence, A.—U.—M. is a good Adwaita symbol. Now, the author of the pamphlet exultingly proclaims that the *Koran* of the Muhammadans also teaches that A. U. M. is the symbol for the highest stage of man's existence, as evidenced by its utterance "Alib Ulah Mim." What this quotation means is not stated. It is needless to say that the above embodies the Hindu Adwaita system of speculation pressed into service by the author to prove the oneness of the world religions.

For our part, we are not convinced of the identity of religions which the author is at so much pains to prove. He does not make good the assumption that the extended matter is at the same time the unextended

mind. And, passing over to the conclusion, we have many questions to ask. If *Satchitananda* be a conscious existence, one fails to see how it can divest itself of personality combined with feeling, knowing and willing. If it represent merely an unconscious existence, by what right is the personal mind denied to it? In our temporary unconscious existences (*e.g.*, as in deep sleep), the personal mind has always remained unaltered and unannihilated. We have no other data to proceed upon in an argument of this kind but what are supplied by our experience. It will be absurd to argue that because the mind ceases to move, it ceases to exist. And for the matter of that, it will be equally absurd to deny motion, because it is imperceptible. The velocity of a moving body may be such that while its motion is terribly realised at the periphery, it may yet be quite imperceptible at the centre. What if the *Satchitananda* of the Adwaitists be, after all, only such an action of the mind?

The Bible of the Christians teaches no such absurdity as the author of the pamphlet thrusts into it. The partial quotation he makes runs fully thus: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your HEARTS and MINDS through Christ Jesus." (Philippians v. 7). Does it read like teaching annihilation of the personal mind? Far otherwise. The apostle evidently recommends a sovereign remedy to the disturbed *hearts* and *minds* of his fellow Christians.

Abhidánakósam, the Tamil Classical Dictionary. By A. Muttutambi Pillai. Návalar Press, Jaffna. Price Rs. 5.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of a copy of the above publication. The author appears to be versed in Tamil, Sanskrit and English, and has devoted sixteen years to its compilation; but, as it is the first attempt of the kind in Tamil, he is naturally diffident about the success that has attended his labours. We believe that it will be found of great use as a book of reference: it exhibits in its author considerable scholarship and keen critical acumen combined with a practical acquaintance with Western modes of thought: and in almost every subject that he handles—and these are many and varied—he is thoroughly at home. It is therefore unnecessary on our part to explain here the merits of individual articles and we shall accordingly leave the reader to find them out for himself.

A few faults, however, have been observed which mar the value of an otherwise excellent publication, and we dwell on these in the hope that they will be removed before another edition is called for. Throughout this work, the author betrays a partiality towards Saivism and things connected therewith. This will be evident from a perusal of the articles relating to Saivite and Vaishnavite saints, shrines and miracles (see, for instances, Tirunávukkarasar and Prahláda, Chidambaram and Srirangam). The cross references are capable of

improvement. When the same person or thing is known by more than one name, a more or less identical description is given against each of these. (For examples, see Indrajit and Méghanádan, Tirupati and Vénkatáchalam.) If the description had been put in against the first of these and a reference made to it in the other place, space might have been gained. We also find several names which should more appropriately appear in an ordinary dictionary and miss some others which we should expect here. Some of the descriptions might also have been enlarged with profit.

The book is neatly printed and bound: but the proof might have been corrected with a little more care and the price fixed a little lower.

A History of Indian Social Reform. Compiled by Tekumalla Rajagopaul Rao. Chintamani Press, Madras. 1901.

While those who have received an English education have access to an unbounded wealth of literature, the great masses of the people of South India, who know no language but their own vernacular are sadly restricted in this respect. In Telugu Mr. Viresalingam has in recent years produced a number of books of great variety and of the highest excellence, but one author cannot make a literature, and very few Telugu men have either the inclination or the ability to follow in Mr. Viresalingam's steps. We are glad therefore to be able to call attention to this little work on Social Reform by Mr. T. Rajagopaul Rao. It is a good readable book, written in a plain forcible Telugu, almost entirely free from the pedantic purism that keeps vernacular literature so much out of touch with actual thought and speech. If there are a few places where one has just a suspicion that the use of a term or the turn of a phrase savours of English rather than Telugu, this is not very surprising in the light of the author's assertion of his belief that English is destined to become sooner or later the language of India.

The book begins with a short sketch of the social and religious conditions of India in early times, and goes on to show how through various causes social abuses crept in and religion became gradually more and more corrupt. The evils resulting from the caste system and the degradation of woman, are ably and fearlessly exposed, and an account is given of some of the chief legislative enactments for the suppression of immoral and injurious practices. In his account of the iniquities of the Wallabhacharya sect and their exposure by Kurusendas Mulji, Mr. Rajgopaul traces the origin of many of the worst practices of popular Hinduism to the popularity of the Krishna cult. It is one of the strongest and most perplexing features of the recent Hindu revival that its advocates persist in the glorification of the life and character of the hero of the Bhagavata. However many attempts may be made to

explain away the worst incidents of the popular tale, their influence for evil remains, and it is impossible to avoid our author's conclusion that Hinduism can never improve morally until the Krishna cult disappears.

In the concluding chapters an interesting account is given of the origin and growth of the Arya Samaj and Brahmo Samaj, and the book closes with a forecast of the social and religious reforms of the future. That under the influence of an education in which due regard is paid to ethical training the people of India may be moulded into a nation one in language, caste, and creed is, in Mr. Rajagopaul's opinion, the ideal after which every true patriot should strive.

A Complete Treatise on Telugu Versification. By Tekumalla Rajagopaul Rao. Madras. 1902.

This little work will prove useful as a text-book in High School and College classes. It is concise and accurate, and the contents are well arranged. The style is easy and attractive, which is more than can be said of most books dealing with this subject. The author might with advantage have given a good many more examples in illustration of his rules, but these can of course be supplied by any capable teacher.

An Arithmetic for Schools. By J. P. Kirkman, M. A., and A. E. Field, M. A. London: Edward Arnold. Price 3*s*. 6*d*.

With so many books on Arithmetic written by experienced writers before the public, we do not look for anything very original in a new work. The subjects to be dealt with are pretty well defined, and even the mode of dealing with them is to a large extent fixed. There is considerable room for variation, however, in the manner of presenting the processes of Arithmetic and in the treatment of details, and the superiority of one work over another consists largely in clearness of presentation and careful attention to details. Regarded from this point of view the work before us is deserving of high commendation. The subject has been treated as far as possible so that the learner may understand the processes of Arithmetic to be the direct result of inherited experience and common sense. Rules and formulæ are made to occupy a secondary place in the exposition, and much importance is attached to the working out of examples. The book contains a very large number of worked out examples, in connection with which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and the application of these principles is illustrated. The authors rightly point out, however, that the chief function of worked out examples is to illustrate consecutive thinking and economical arrangement of labour, and that the reproduction of examples according to pattern should never be allowed to save the trouble of thought.

The authors have evidently taken considerable pains to make their

explanations clear and logically accurate, and they warn pupils against some of the absurdities of expression to be found in several of the books in common use. We have noticed here and there, however, the introduction of a technical term before an explanation of it has been given, and in the chapter on Simple Interest we find a large number of examples depending on the use of the word 'amount,' which of course has no practical significance in this case. A chapter is devoted to the metric system of weights and measures, but, strange to say, there is no chapter on foreign monetary systems and exchange. In an appendix to the work illustrations are given of the use of squared paper in the solution of certain classes of arithmetical problems.

Not being specially adapted for use in India this work cannot be recommended as a text-book in the lower classes of schools in this country, but it might well be used in High Schools, and we can without hesitation commend it to the notice of teachers of all grades.

Elementary Algebra. By J. W. Welsford, M.A., and C. H. P. Mayo, M.A. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 4*s*. 6*d*.

The copy of this work now before us bears the date 1897. The book first appeared, however, in 1895. It has therefore been a considerable time before the public, and anything like a detailed notice of it is not now called for. But it is probably not so well-known or so widely used as it deserves to be, and we have much pleasure in commending it to the notice of teachers and students as one of the best books of its class. It rather more than covers the ground to be gone over by students reading for the First Examination in Arts of the Madras University, but in the earlier chapters it deals with the subject in a manner sufficiently elementary to make it suitable for use in High Schools.

Physiology for Beginners. By Leonard Hill, M.B., F.R.S. London: Edward Arnold. Price 1*s*.

The author of this little book of 120 pages has, as stated in the preface, "set himself the difficult task of putting in simple language the essential facts concerning the structure and functions of the human body." That he has succeeded admirably in his task we think will be generally conceded, and his name is a sufficient guarantee that the book is reliable, coming as it does from an expert and not from a mere compiler. The matter is contained in fifteen chapters, the last of which deals with the special senses, and there are 58 figures in the text. Some of the figures are new to works of this kind, and among these is an excellent diagram of the circulation. A somewhat sensational frontispiece

represents a man struggling in the coils of a huge snake (taken from the Laocoon group) to show the skeletal muscles in action.

While Dr. Hill's book is much less advanced than the "Physiology for Beginners" by Foster and Shore, we can commend it to the notice of students preparing for the First Arts examination in Physiology, more especially to those entering on their first year of study.

Damayanti Swayamvaram Tiruvatirappattu in Malayalam. By Her Highness Lakshmi Bai, C.I., the late Maharani of Travancore. Malayala Manorama Co., Kottayam.

Tiruvatirappattu, as the name indicates, is a song or rather a series of songs intended to be sung in a variety of ragams or tunes by the Malayali ladies during their annual festival of Tiruvatira (the Malayalam name for Ardra or the 6th Asterism) which generally coincides with the full-moon day in the month of January. The subject-matter of these songs is Damayanti's choice of a worthy partner for herself out of a host of suitors including even the gods, as described in the Nalopakhyana Parva of Mahabharata. In these songs, the object of which is to promote healthy social amusement, the accomplished and exalted author, trained under the affectionate and watchful guidance of her illustrious consort, has shown her mastery of the Sanskrit and Malayalam languages as well as her high proficiency in music and poetry. To add to the value and usefulness of the book the publishers have also prefixed to the volume a short and interesting biographical sketch and a portrait of Her Highness.

Literary Criticism. By S. Streenivasa Moorty, B. A.

This is a short tract on the scope and function of Literary criticism. The printing is careless, the composition open to improvement, and there is nothing new or striking in the matter; but the tract gives a fair resumé of the subject and may be of some service to both teachers and students. Its aim is altogether admirable. It is to emphasise the importance of literary criticism and to press home the truth, so apt to be forgotten by teacher and student, that the supreme end of literary study is not proficiency in Grammar and Philology but the development of the faculty of appreciation.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes; with introduction and notes by John Downie, M. A. Macmillan & Co.

The introduction to this edition of the "Autocrat" consists of a brief biography of Holmes and a criticism of his work and style. The book contains a useful map of that part of New England of which Boston is the centre. The notes, which are mainly explanations of the local,

historical, literary and other allusions which are so frequent in Holmes, are on the whole admirably brief, clear and accurate. It is seldom that brevity has led to obscurity. The book is of a high class of its kind.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major. Macmillan's Colonial Library.

It is very difficult to estimate the value of this novel. The story is historical in the sense that it is based on an episode in the family history of the Manners family of Haddon Hall, and in that it introduces historical persons such as Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Cecil Lord Burleigh, and the Earl of Leicester. But the author seems to think himself justified in using his historical facts to help out his story, and though great precedents may be quoted there is something not quite satisfactory about this whether the author is Sir Walter or Mr. Major. A second much more serious mistake was made by Mr. Major in making his hero write the story in the first person. There was no need for this, and as it meant that the story should be written in Elizabethan English by a Scotchman who had lived forty or more years in France, Mr. Major would have done well to avoid the task. As it is the book is in modern English, untinctured by the Euphuism of the time when it is supposed to be composed, and equally free from the French modes that must have moulded his speech in so long an exile in France, had the hero written it as he professes to do. Here and there, it is true, antique words do occur, as *horologue,* but they do not really give the atmosphere of the sixteenth century.

But when so much is said in criticism of the setting of the story, nothing but praise can be given to the story itself, in all its tempestuous passionate incidents. The heroine, Dorothy Vernon, is not quite so admirable in the eyes of the reader as in those of the author, and the bye-plot of the love story of sweet, blind Madge gives a welcome relief in the chronicle of the fierce battle between Dorothy and her irascible father the King of the Peak, yet the relief only intensifies the reader's interest in the main plot, and that interest runs from the first page to the last. In short 'Dorothy Vernon' is a striking book, well worth careful reading, and sure to hold the reader's attention.

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. Macmillan's Colonial Library.

This volume contains a series of stories most of which, we believe, appeared first of all in *Harper's,* but are now collected into one volume as the various episodes in the love-story of their hero 'The Virginian,' a horseman, or 'cow-boy' of the great plains of the cattle land in Wyoming. The stories were charming in their earlier form and together they make a book of brave adventure of very high excel-

lence. The author has more than mere capacity to delineate the daring and the dangers of the Wild West, where so often the cow-boy's own strong arm and his revolver must earn him the opportunity to live. His book is not merely a story of bronchos and bullies with rifle-shots to mark the periods. There is an intense love of nature and the power to describe it, a gracious sense of humour, and not a little penetration into the heart of things, that lifts the whole book above the level of the ordinary sensational narratives of the West, and makes it grateful reading. We believe that 'Owen Wister' has already acquired considerable popularity by earlier stories of a similar character and this will certainly add to his reputation.

The number of American stories of this type now being published is very large, and if they accurately represent the speech they profess to portray, the language of some parts of America must rapidly be approaching unintelligibility. With this caution to intending readers, 'The Virginian' may be most heartily commended.

Tani-Paçura-Togai.—A Book of Sonnets in Tamil by V. G. Suryanarayana Sastriar, B.A., Head Tamil Pandit, Madras Christian College, with English Echoes by the Rev. G. U. Pope, M.A., D.D., Balliol College, Oxford. First Course. Madras: Minerva Press. 1901.

Mr. Suryanarayana Sastri's poems we noticed when they appeared first. In this notice therefore we are rather concerned with the work of Dr. Pope which he has allowed to be printed along with the former. The interest of this is two-fold. The Introduction which the learned doctor contributes deals with these particular poems and with Tamil poetry in general. His adaptations—or echoes as he calls them—of Mr. Suryanarayana's poems have that interest which an attempt to render a poem of one language into poetry of a very different language always possesses. Dr. Pope disclaims being a poet, but every student of Tamil poetry knows that at least he is an excellent translator in verse. There is no room for criticism here. We shall best consult the pleasure of our readers by allowing Dr. Pope to speak for himself.

On Mr. Suryanarayana's Sonnets, after pointing out the main differences between such Tamil poems and real European Sonnets he writes:

> The forty-one short Tamil poems here reprinted are generally very musical, and have considerable artistic finish, while the sentiment is interesting, and forcibly expressed. . . . . Except in a few cases, which are noted, they are not translations of any existing English poems. The present writer feels a great interest in this vigorous attempt made by the able Tamil poet (who is already known by his remarkable dramatic compositions) to initiate a new departure in Tamil poetry.

Upon Tamil Poetry in general he writes:—

> Doubtless, there are many of our worthy and learned friends who will say that

novelties are quite inadmissible in Tamil literature, since the great Tamil Grammar have long ago stereotyped the laws of composition, and defined for all time the subjects, methods and style of Tamil literature! But, when we come to reflect upon the matter, and consider it in the light of universal history, and the laws of human development; and especially in connection with the necessary spread and powerful influence of English literature,—it does seem that even the Tamil Sarasvati, fast tied and bound though she be, may yet add something new, and distinctive of the present era, to the invaluable treasures she already possesses. We have no fear of being suspected of undervaluing or desiring to supersede anything in the immense mass of what may be called the Tamil Classics. It may be permitted even to say that we have done our best, by the publication, in Oxford, of critical editions with translations, of the Nannûl, Kurral, Naladiyâr, and Tiruvâçagam, to introduce these classics into the sphere of the world's literature. There is no nook or corner of the Tamil poetical field where we have not striven, with more or less success, to plant our feet. It is no affectation to say that we *love* the Tamil language, the Tamil poetry, and the Tamil people.

It is for this very reason that, comparing the effect of the English literature, and especially of English poetry upon people of every class and of every age, we do venture to think that Tamil fails very greatly, and unnecessarily, in its most legitimate and sacred function. It is adored by a very select few: has it entered, is it entering, can it enter, into the minds, hearts, and lives of the great mass of the men, women, and children of the Tamil lands? Many reasons may be assigned for this comparative failure,—if the fact of failure be conceded. Among these we venture, very humbly as foreigners, to express our opinion that Tamil verse, with all its incomparable ingenuity and elegance, generally fails in simplicity, intelligibility and adaptation to the wants of the popular mind. The difficulties of Tamil Poetry have been exaggerated by the all but universal custom of adding commentaries, or literal explanations (too often quite necessary) to each stanza. It has come to be a matter of course that the verse is hardly, if at all, intelligible without its traditional interpretation. Whether simplicity of diction, limitation of *Sandhi*, separation of words, a freer system of rhythm, and a general adaptation of thought, are possible to the Tamil poets of the future, is not for us to say.

As a specimen of Dr. Pope's Echoes we may select the following:—

Of all the aids to virtue God has given
  Resplendent most and bright beyond compare,
  Art thou, O Woman, with thine aspect fair;
Soothing man's troubled soul,—a breath of heaven!

Woman!—in whom all love and beauty shine;—
  A radiance flashing from celestial fire;—
  Affection's tender bud-like smile is thine,
Kindling the holy flame of chaste desire.

To those who cherish thee in nuptial love,
Thou art pure angel from the realms above.

But some enslave thee, chide with cruel voice!
  Worthless themselves, they deem thee worthless thing,
  O happy who with mutual heart rejoice!
Your blessedness, ye wedded souls, I sing.

Every lover of the Tamil people must be grateful to Dr. Pope for the work he has given to this little book.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Quarterly Review has made a new departure in its last number, for to its hitherto anonymous pages has been admitted a signed article. The writer who has been thus honoured is Mr. A. C. Swinburne, but truly the affixing of his signature was altogether unnecessary, for the article is characteristic of Mr. Swinburne, the critic, at his worst. The subject is Charles Dickens and in his admiration Mr. Swinburne waxes exuberant, almost hysterical. In piling up his praises he well-nigh exhausts the resources of the English language, and hardly a superlative is left for future use. Unfortunately he is not satisfied with belauding his present hero but considers it necessary to attack those who will not shout as loud as he does. Mr. Andrew Lang, George Henry Lewes, and Matthew Arnold especially are singled out as the objects of his invective. Mr. Lang has had the audacity to write introductions to the Gadshill edition of Dickens in which he ventured to make some criticisms of his author. According to Mr. Swinburne these introductions are "the prefatory importunities of a writer disentitled to express and disqualified to form an opinion on the work of an English humourist. The intrusive condescension or adulation of such a commentator was perhaps somewhat superfluous in front of the reprinted Waverley novels; the offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the door step of Charles Dickens." Matthew Arnold has the compliment paid him of being mentioned by name, but it is only to be characterised as "a Triton of the minnows," and as "a man whose main achievement in creative literature was to make himself by painful painstaking into a sort of pseudo-Wordsworth." But the choicest flowers of abuse are reserved for the unfortunate George Henry Lewes, whose criticism is described as "the chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudosophical a quack as George Henry Lewes." Mr. Swinburne must have been sadly needing to "blow off steam" when he could allow himself to serve up such abuse as literary criticism, even to the British public, and while it might be tolerated in an undergraduates' debating society, it is out of place even in the pages of the *Quarterly*.

Mr. Stopford Brooke's work on Browning to which we referred recently is to be published by Messrs. Isbister this month. The principal subjects dealt with in it are 'Browning and Tennyson,' 'Browning's Treatment of Nature,' 'Browning's Theory of Human Life,' 'Browning as the Poet of Art,' 'Browning and Sordello,' 'The Dramas,' 'Poems of Love and other Passions,' 'The Ring and the Book,' 'Last Poems.'

The affections of purchasers of first editions have turned strongly of late towards Sir Walter Scott. A few years ago first editions of the Waverley novels could be picked up at second-hand booksellers' for a few shillings. At a recent sale in London Messrs. Sotheby & Co. sold a copy of the first edition of *Waverley* for £162. It is somewhat surprising to read that last month a copy of the first edition of Dr. Isaac Watts's *Divine Songs* was sold for no less than £155.

A writer in the *Academy* has pointed out the curious fact that a poem written in the middle of last century by George Darley appeared in the *Golden Treasury* as an anonymous work of the seventeenth century. Archbishop Trench pointed out to Palgrave the mistake he had made, but the poem continued to appear among the poems of the Jacobean singers until 1890, though in a note the editor admitted his mistake. When the cheaper edition of 1891 was produced Darley's poem was taken out, but instead of being placed among the poems of the nineteenth century it was dropped altogether. This seems somewhat strange, for as the writer in the *Academy* truly remarks "if it was worth inclusion in the first edition (1861), why should it not have been retained throughout, though in its proper place?" "Can it be that in the Editor's opinion the standard of lyrical poetry was higher in the middle of the nineteenth century than the beginning of the seventeenth?"

A favourite subject of discussion in college debating-societies used to be "Does poetry decline as science advances?" and the idea contained in that question, that there is somehow opposition between science and poetry, has of late years received some support in different quarters. The study of poetry has been specially attacked by the would-be educational reformers who sneer at literature as a means of education. These attacks must now be given up, for a professor has arisen in America, Mark H. Liddell by name, who has written an *Introduction to the Scientific Study of English Poetry.* Henceforward students will have the benefit of the two cultures—the scientific and the literary simultaneously. The new scientific definition of poetry is as follows:—"Poetry is literature, usually of a high degree of Human Interest, which in addition to its Human Interest has it in an added Æsthetic Interest due to the arrangement of some easily recognizable and constantly present concomitant of thought-formulation into a form of aesthetic appeal for which an appreciative Aesthetic Sentiment has been gradually developed in the minds of those who habitually think by means of the language in which the poetry is written." This "scientific" definition is to take the place of our former "vague and bewildering" notions of poetry. In case it may not be definite enough, Professor Liddell restates it by means of a formula "$X+HI+VF$, meaning

'ideas formulated in terms of correlated sound-group-images' + Human Interest + Verse Form." It is not surprising that *Mr. Punch* has thought the matter worthy of his attention and has tried to spread the light in a short poem on "Science and Art," the last verse of which runs as follows:—

> Let Science be our guide to-day,
> To Rhetoric's effusion deaf.
> You ask, What's Poetry? I say
> It's X + H I + V F.

Lord Acton's library has been bought by Mr. Carnegie, and presented to Mr. John Morley. It is contimated that it contains about 100,000 volumes, and that the cost of housing it will be about £20,000. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Morley does with it. The books are chiefly of an historical character.

Among the new books that are to appear this autumn is Mr. Justin McCarthy's work on *The Reign of Queen Anne*. It is to be uniform with his *History of Our Own Times* and will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE total eclipse of the sun which took place on 22nd January, 1898, was the last which will be seen in India for many years. Since 1840 no fewer than four have crossed the Peninsula, *viz.*, those of 1843, 1868, 1871 and 1898. The next to cross the Peninsula will occur in 1995, 2002, and 2009, and the only one which will be visible in India before that will be seen in 1914 in Sind. It is, therefore, a matter for congratulation that an Indian astronomer was able in 1898 to take his place along with the astronomers who came from Europe and America and make the substantial contribution he has done towards our knowledge of the structure of the sun. Mr. Naegamvala of Poona—the astronomer we refer to—has just published the report of his observations. It may seem rather belated, as it is now more than four and a half years since the eclipse occurred, but the delay in its publication was really due to Mr. Naegamvala's success in his observations. Having obtained very good photographic records of the eclipse, he naturally desired to give as full a discussion of them as he could in his report. In particular, he obtained a splendid photograph of the spectrum of the "flash." Of this, as he says in his preface, a proper appreciation could only be gained by comparing it with stellar spectra of solar and other related types. For the last two years he has consequently been engaged in securing stellar spectra; but, as he has been much hampered by mechanical defects in his prismatic

camera, he has not yet been able to obtain a sufficient number of these spectra. He has accordingly issued his report without them. As it is, it is a most interesting and valuable record of the eclipse.

PREPARATIONS for observing the eclipse had, of course, to be made long before it was due, and Mr. Naegamvala had to decide what observations he would make. In order to get experience of eclipse work he accompanied the expedition which the Royal Astronomical Society sent to Finland in 1896 to observe the total eclipse there. He then decided to devote himself to spectroscopic work and on the return of the expedition to England he arranged for the purchase of the requisite instruments. The most important of these were a prismatic camera consisting of a six-inch Cooke triplet equatorial refractor with two prisms for the spectra of the "flash" and the corona, and a twelve-inch coelostat with a six-inch achromatic lens as a coronograph. The instruments cost over Rs. 15,000, of which half was contributed by the Bombay Government and half by Rajas and others in Bombay.

THE most important of the photographs taken by Mr. Naegamvala with the prismatic camera was the spectrum of the "flash" at the instant when the total eclipse began. During the total eclipse of 1870 Professor Young observed that as the moon advanced across the sun's disc the dark lines in the solar spectrum, which are due in some way to the absorption of light in the outer layers of the sun, remained unchanged until just before it had quite covered it. A few began to fade out and some to turn bright before the total eclipse began, but at the instant when it began the lines flashed out brightly by hundreds and thousands, "as suddenly," says Professor Young, "as stars from a bursting rocket-head, and as evanescent, for the whole thing is over in a few seconds." From this he inferred that the dark lines of the solar spectrum were not to be understood as due entirely, or even principally, to the stratum of gas which lies close above the surface of the photosphere. "Were this so," he argues, "the dark lines should be much stronger in the spectrum of light from the edges of the disc than in that from the centre, which is not the case; at least the difference is very slight. The photosphere is composed of separate cloud-like masses floating in an atmosphere containing the vapours by whose condensation they are formed; the principal absorption, therefore, probably takes place in the interstices between the clouds and below the general level of their upper limit."

ACCORDING to Professor Young's theory of the structure of the sun there are terrestrial elements in the sun's atmosphere which thin out in the order of vapour density and are all present in the lower strata since

the temperature there is not sufficient to dissociate them. The lower strata form what he calls the reversing layer, because the dark lines which appear in the ordinary spectrum of sunlight are *all* reversed and appear as bright lines in the spectrum which is obtained when this layer is viewed alone. This theory is opposed by Sir Norman Lockyer who contends that the different elements exist at different heights in the solar atmosphere, according to their powers of resisting the dissociating effects of heat, and that the "flash" shows us a region of high temperature in which there is a corresponding simplification of spectrum as compared with the cooler region in which the absorption takes place which we see as dark lines in the solar spectrum. According to this view, certain of the lines due to substances the most elementary and having their molecules in the highest degree of dissociation originate only deep down in the solar atmosphere where the heat is most intense. Others due to vapours with molecules somewhat less simple are produced a little higher, and those due to the most complex molecules in the highest regions of the solar atmosphere. Thus there is a series of strata, each of which is "responsible for its own especial family of spectral lines."

MR. NAEGAMVALA's photograph of the "flash" spectrum undoubtedly shows that it is not an exact reversed copy of the ordinary solar spectrum. Many of the lines thin in it are strong in the other and *vice versa*, and not a few of the lines are altogether absent. At the same time he is not able to give his support to Sir Norman Lockyer's dissociation theory. He finds that there is a definite layer of gases in which, if not all, the vast majority of the lines are represented. His results agree with those of Mr. Evershed who says that "if we except the ordinary chromospheric lines, all the fainter lines due to the 'flash' spectrum are of the same length and form a well-defined band of even width running from end to end of the spectrum. This shows that the low-lying gases at the base of the chromosphere form a well-defined layer pretty definitely bounded and not fading by insensible gradations into the higher portions of the chromosphere." Mr. Naegamvala points out that in the flash we are looking tangentially through this layer, while in viewing the solar spectrum under ordinary circumstances we look through the entire thickness of the layer. Consequently we cannot expect a strict coincidence between the two spectra and we ought to be prepared for only a general coincidence. Then, again, as he says, we have to bear in mind what Dr. Johnstone Stoney has urged regarding the effect of a bright background on the appearance of a bright body. If we observe the spectrum of some source of white light through a sodium flame, and therefore see the D lines dark in a continuous spectrum, and then increase the brilliance of the sodium flame, we dimin-

ish the intensity of these dark lines. Similarly, it may well be that if there is not a dark line in the solar spectrum corresponding to a bright one in the "flash" spectrum the reason may be that it is itself as bright as the light behind it which it intercepts.

In addition to this work with the prismatic camera, Mr. Naegamvala planned a good many observations to be taken by others. Of these, perhaps the most important was taken with a three-inch slit spectroscope, which was under the charge of Mr. H. J. Unvala. With this a very successful photograph of the spectrum of the corona was obtained. The most intense line is impressed on a background of faint continuous spectrum and is projected in an otherwise blank interval. In view of the fact that the actinic intensity of the light is there much less than lower down the spectrum, Mr. Naegamvala infers that this line is due to a different substance from the other two corona lines. From the position of the maximum intensity of the continuous corona spectrum he finds support for Dr. Schuster's view that the temperature of the source of this continuous spectrum is lower than the general temperature of the sun. In the course of his report he discusses the type of the corona seen in 1898 and at the end has a number of valuable plates showing how the corona has varied from time to time with the number of spots observed in the sun's disc. Altogether the report is a valuable contribution to the study of solar physics. We hope that it may be possible in future years for the Bombay Government to send Mr. Naegamvala to other countries where total eclipses of the sun are to be seen, so that he may be able to continue his investigations.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL NOTES.

A recent Parliamentary paper announces the grant of a Civil List Pension to Mr. Henry Ling Roth for his services to Anthropology. Mr. Ling Roth's principal works are *The Aborigines of Tasmania, The Peasantry of Eastern Russia*, and *The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo*. The first and the last of these are introduced to the public by prefaces by Dr. E. B. Tylor and Professor Andrew Lang. The former is a work of great importance since it is a complete record of our knowledge as to the extinct race of Tasmanians.

The best thanks of all Indian Ethnologists, at home and abroad, are due to Mr. Francis, Superintendent of Census Operations in Madras, for his *Glossary of Castes, Tribes and Races* in the Madras Census Report for 1901. The castes are arranged in alphabetical order and under each is given either an account of its characteristics or notes regarding the sources from which information regarding them may be

had. It is admittedly not complete but contains much new information, of which the notes on the Existence of Totemism in Southern India among the Komati, Boya, Kalingi, Kapu, Kurni, Kurumba, Vakkaliga and the Vettuvan castes are, perhaps, the most important. Mr. Francis has received help which he describes—evidently with justice—as invaluable from Mr. M. Srinivasa Aiyangar. It would be facilitating easy reference if the chapter were separately printed in handy form, a service for which Ethnologists everywhere would feel all the more thankful to Government.

RECENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Contemporary Review for August contains no very striking article, but on the whole it is a fairly interesting number.

Mr. J. L. Bashford, in an article entitled 'England and Germany after the War', tries to prove that the Germans as a nation do not hate the English, and that the outburst of ill-feeling that took place during the Boer War has almost spent itself. The Germans, he says, are a strange mixture of sentimentality and cold-heartedness, and their attitude towards the English before and at the commencement of the war was mainly determined by sentimentality. Later on the great majority of them were duped into the relief that the war was one of unrighteous plunder, criminally commenced and cruelly conducted. The German Chancellor could have done much to check the out-burst of ill-feeling, but he failed to do so, and Mr. Bashford thinks he must be held to be largely responsible for the eventual embitterment of the British public against Germany. The changed attitude of the German press since the conclusion of peace and since the illness of King Edward shows that the agitation against England has broken down, and in Mr. Bashford's opinion affords undeniable proof that animosity and hatred of England are not deep-rooted in the German Empire.

Mr. Thomas Hodgins contributes an interesting article on 'The Alaska-Canada Boundary Dispute." Ever since 1872, he says, urgent and almost yearly requests have been made by the British and Canadian Governments to the Government of the United States for an 'expeditious settlement' of the disputed line of demarcation between Alaska and British Columbia. The Government of the United States has always delayed taking action in the matter, and the only explanation that Mr. Hodgins can think of is that the unsanctioned occupation by the United States of disputed British-Canadian territory and the national insistence in defending that occupation, must ultimately, as in former boundary disputes, assure a diplomatic triumph over Great Britain and secure to the Republic a further cession of Canadian territory for the enlargement of Alaska. The history of the dispute as told by Mr. Hodgins is certainly not creditable to he United States; but as the Americans have pledged themselves to use their best efforts to secure a pacific settlement of international differences, and have joined with Great Britain and other nations in affirming that in questions of a legal nature, especially in the interpretation of international conventions, arbitration is the most effective, and at the same time the most equitable, means of settling disputes which diplomacy has failed to settle, it may be hoped that they will not refuse to submit the present dispute to arbitration.

In an article entitled 'The Economic Taproot of Imperialism' Mr. J. A. Hobson seeks to prove that the Imperialism which is so much in the air at present is mainly the result of economic conditions. In all countries in which improved methods of production have been adopted

more goods can be produced than can be sold at a profit, and more capital exists than can find remunerative investment. Hence, it is supposed, the necessity for imperial expansion. Mr. Hobson controverts this view. It is not the industrial progress of a country, he says, that demands the opening up of new markets and areas of investment, but mal-distribution of consuming power which prevents the absorption of commodities and capital within the country. We cannot deal with his arguments in detail, but must content ourselves with the following quotation, in which he sets forth the choice of alternatives open to every nation at the present day:—"A nation may either, following the example of Denmark or Switzerland, put brains into agriculture, develop a finely varied system of public education, general and technical, apply the ripest science to its special manufacturing industries, and so support in progressive comfort and character a considerable population upon a strictly united area, or it may, like Great Britain, neglect its agriculture, allowing its lands to go out of cultivation and its population to grow up in towns, and fall behind other nations in its method of education and in the capacity of adapting to its uses the latest scientific knowledge, in order to expend its pecuniary and military resources in forcing bad markets and finding speculative fields of investment in distant corners of the earth, adding millions of square miles and of unassimilated population to the area of the Empire."

Miss Caillard writes on 'Immortality,' from the scientific standpoint. She first defines the province of science, so that it may be seen how far science has the right and the power of interpretation. Science, she says, teaches us the course of things, not the reason of their being; it exhibits them in their relation to time and space and to the intellect of man, not in relation to their ground and source, whatever that may be. From an examination of the teaching of science with regard to man she concludes that all that can be claimed from the scientific stand-point is a presumption in favour of the persistence of human individual life after death. This presumption is founded on the fact that individuality is one of the most striking characteristics of the universe, that it assumes a special importance in the organic region, and that 'in man it is incomparably stronger, fuller, and at the same time less adequately expressed than in any other living being. The writer looks upon telepathy as a well established fact, and she believes there have been many indubitable reappearances of, or communications from, persons dead to persons living.

An article of a somewhat sensational kind is 'Prevalent Illusions on Roman History,' by Mr. A. M. Stevens. "Its purpose is to show that there is very little in the history of the Roman Republic and still less in the history of the Empire that modern nations might imitate with credit and advantage. Fidelity to one's word is "the one solitary lesson that Rome has handed down to us."

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Mallock still goes on with his articles on 'Science and Religion at the dawn of the Twentieth Century.' He has now reached his fourth paper on the subject, and still we are kept in suspense as to the conclusion which it is his intention to reach. The length of the articles might be curtailed, and their value enhanced, if Mr. Mallock would choose, as representatives of the positions which he contrasts, writers whose statements carry some weight with them. Six pages are devoted to demolishing Father Gerard's objections to evolution, and Father Gerard is taken as a type of the religious apologist. We have never read Father Gerard's book, but, if the quotations given by Mr. Mallock give any true impression of the nature of his work, it is quite certain that Father Gerard is behind the times, and is no typical representative of the religious apologist's attitude towards the doctrine of evolution. Mr. Mallock begins by a summary of what he has already said. In effect it is this. Religion avers that there is a first cause, distinct from matter, personal, conscious, free, beneficent, and just. Scientific monism asserts that out of a primordial nebula have been developed by rigid causation all things, organic and inorganic, and that

to affirm the existence of a cause other than this nebula is to indulge in a superfluous hypothesis. Then follows Father Gerard's attack on Darwinism, of which we may simply say that it is rather a shaky attempt to give a theistic interpretation to that development which no one can deny, whatever his theory of it may be. Mr. Mallock next goes on to ask why it is that the religious apologist seeks to disprove a theory of development which is built upon rigid causation. He rightly points out that the object in this is to allow a place in the cosmos for freedom. If rigid causation holds everywhere in the universe, God is for ever determined, and moral relations with such a being are out of the question. Religious feeling finds no possible satisfaction in the postulate of a God who is the victim of inexorable law. Religion demands a God who is not only free, but who is also moral, and the facts of science afford, says Mr. Mallock, no support of the contention that the morality of God can be inferred from his way of working. At this point his way of putting the facts reminds us of J. S. Mill's denunciation of the beneficence of God. Mr. Mallock's procedure is at least misleading. For the last twenty years there has been no desire on the part of religious apologists to rest the proof of God's nature on any isolated argument, nor has there been anything but readiness to admit that the so-called proofs are merely helps to belief, not irrefragable demonstrations. No clearer evidence that the argument from design, notwithstanding some of its crude statements, has a substantial element of truth in it, is forthcoming than the Romanes lecture of Professor Huxley to which Mr. Mallock refers. The cosmic process, says Huxley, which has for its end the survival of those who may happen to be fittest is constantly being attacked and indeed replaced by one the end of which is the survival of those conditions which are ethically the best. "Fragile reed as he may be, man, as Pascal says, is a thinking reed; and there lies within him a fund of energy, operating intelligently, and so far akin to that which pervades the universe, that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process." But such an admission as this Mr. Mallock holds to be reached by a departure from scientific premises. And he concludes his article in this way. "Science in the principles from which it starts, and in the conclusion to which it leads, is essentially non-religious. If then we accept, as all reasonable people do accept, the facts which science teaches, are we, as reasonable people, bound to reject religion? I shall show in the next article that we are not, and why we are not." We therefore await with interest the appearance of this article.

Mr. Long introduces us to a new Russian writer—new, in the sense that his works are not familiar in English dress. Maxim Gorki is the Russian novelist who is exciting most attention at the present time: but there is a young writer in Russia whose works are arousing an even greater clamour of mingled rapture and repulsion. His name is Anton Tchekhoff. Russia has many writers whose works arouse no clamour in Britain, and doubtless this is due to the fact that Russian is a language as intelligible as Hebrew to the majority of the people. But perhaps there is another reason. The British novel-reader goes to fiction for a pleasant story, one that will combine healthiness with interest, possibly with humour, one that will stimulate and not depress. Analysis of character he can appreciate if it is in moderation, and a philosophy of life, if not too abstruse, is accepted without complaint. Now who is this Anton Tcherkhoff? "The painter of the banal life, the analyst of the *Illusions Perdues* of an effete society, and the prophet of the folly of revolt against the overpowering baseness and the triviality of a soul-less world." No wonder there is no clamour about this man in England. The summaries of Tcherkhoff's novels that are given by Mr. Long make it clear that in this writer's world it is the mean, the irresolute, the unworthy, even the insane that get along most smoothly in life: the strenuous, and those with noble aims are useless in the strife. A philosophy of life like this, proclaimed with the advantages of an interesting story and vivid por-

traiture, suffers no harm from being confined to Russia. Siberia would be a fitting place for it.

'Indian conditions and Indian Critics'—such is the title of a paper in which Mr. Rees deals with works of what he calls 'the Bleeding India' type. Mr. Dutt, Mr. Naorojee, and Mr. Digby are the writers criticised. They have been busy of late in their criticising, says Mr. Rees, and there are a good many points which, he concedes, afford ground for criticism. He mentions such questions as the employment of Indians in higher offices and the policy of debiting India with every military charge possible. But the Congress party is a little too much inclined to criticise anything and everything. Some of their contentions, therefore, are examined by Mr. Rees. Mr. Dutt's great cry is over the land-tax. The land-tax, he says, has been so excessive that the people have not been able to stand two or three successive years of drought. Now in the Central Provinces, the part of India which Mr. Dutt takes to illustrate his contention, a recent Government shews that the land-tax has been increased, but not in the case of the cultivators. Newly confirmed land-lords have had to bear the extra burden. Mr. Dutt proposes as a satisfactory land-tax one-fifth of the gross produce. In Bombay of late the amount raised has been only one-tenth. Similar facts are revealed, by this Government paper, in the case of Madras and the Punjab. One fact, too, clearly emerges which the critics forget. The cultivator does not save for the proverbial rainy day. Let his savings have a chance of increasing by lightening his taxing, and the chance thus given is not taken advantage of. In Orissa where the land-tax has been gradually lightened the cultivators have become the more involved in debt. Sir Antony Macdonnell gives it as his opinion that the "pressure of the land revenue is not severe, that its incidence upon the gross produce of the soil is light, and that it is not such as to interfere with agricultural efficiency in ordinary years, though a distinct need for leniency is established in adverse seasons." Mr. Naorojee rather makes us doubt the truth of anything he says by asserting that the British are "the most disastrous and destructive of the foreign invaders of India." Perhaps he doesn't quite mean this—very likely not: and perhaps he doesn't mean some of the other things which he puts as strongly. He urges the employment of still more Indians in official positions. Doubtless every year will see this demand more generously acceded to. Mr. Digby contends that the average income of the Indian people was twopence per head per day in 1850, and that is now three farthings. Both calculations seem to require revision. The 1850 figure is somewhat uncertain, and working on the same statistics as Mr. Digby, Mr. Morison and Lord Curzon have arrived at very different conclusions. Mr. Morison, who cannot be called an indulgent critic of Government, considers Mr. Digby's figures wrong by more than a hundred million of pounds. Lord Curzon calculates that the average individual income for all India is Rs. 30 a year. It is a remarkable fact, in the face of Mr. Naorojee's statements, that in the last famine Government actually fed an aggregate of over one thousand million people. Mr. Rees considers that the hope of India lies in industrial development and in the introduction of capital, and not in social reform. But the Government, he strongly asserts, must abstain from interfering with the sensitive systems of Indian labour.

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